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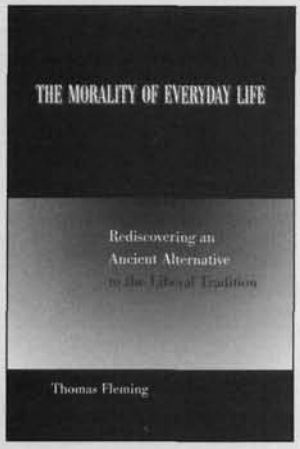

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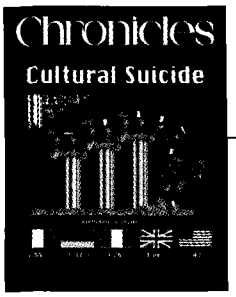

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On *Chronicles'* Straight Eye

Your March 2004 issue ("Straight Eye for the Queer Guy") was valuable in many ways, not least because the cascading phenomenon of enthusiasm for "gay marriage" or "civil unions" both reveals and contributes mightily to our society's increasingly rapid slide into what Pitirim Sorokin called the "social sewer." Stephen B. Presser puts his finger on the root of the problem ("Marriage and the Law," *News*) when he cites language from *Planned Parenthood* v. *Casey* (1992): "At the heart of liberty is the right to define one's own concept of existence, of the universe, and of the mystery of human life." This is reminiscent of Satan's boast in Milton's *Paradise Lost*: "The mind is its own place, and of itself / Can make a heav'n of hell, a hell of heav'n." Satan couldn't do it, and neither can *Casey*'s imaginary autonomous individual. Unfortunately, Professor Presser concedes too much when he suggests that "marriage needs to return to the Church." In the first place, that is impossible; no one would notice if the Church tried to claim marriage for Herself, leaving only "unions" to the state. If the state called it marriage, that is what it would be. In the second place, he neglects the tremendous educational impact of law. When abortion became legal nationwide in *Roe* v. *Wade*, the practice spread like wildfire among groups that, until then, had thought it a crime. Deliberately acquiescing in developments that "normalize" homosexual conduct will inevitably spread it and the social damage it brings.

Virginia Deane Abernethy wants to make homosexuality a secondary problem compared to being, as she puts it, depressed and demoralized ("Homosexuality, In the Cards," *News*). She argues strongly for the preservation of European-American civilization, which she correctly perceives to be threatened, but she is mistaken in seeing the danger in almost everything but the spread of sexual perversion. She seems to assume that homosexual conduct is largely genetic in origin, in which case the implication is that we should not resist it. We actually do know that alcoholism *is* genetic in a large percentage of cases. Does that mean that we should simply say to alcoholics, "Bottoms up"? In an early text on homosexuality, psychiatrist Richard Berger expressed his distress at the fact that, in his judgment, almost all—nearly 90 percent—of male homosexuals were not genetically predisposed but were seduced into it. If we recognize homosexuality, especially of the male variety, as a major vector of serious diseases, of which AIDS is only the best known, then we cannot dismiss the spread of homosexuality as a minor matter in the general decline of culture. The late Dr. Hans Millendorfer spoke of "societal AIDS," the situation in which society's "T-4 cells"—*i.e.*, the bodies that should identify dangers—are immobilized and fail to warn the body of encroaching threats. If Dr. Millendorfer were still alive, I think that he would see the danger of "societal AIDS" in the manner in which Professors Presser and Abernethy write of homosexuality, marriage, and the defense of Western civilization.

—*Harold O.J. Brown*
Charlotte, NC

Dr. Abernethy Replies:

I do not see much in Dr. Brown's letter with which I disagree, except his assumption that I lean toward seeing homosexuality as genetically determined. I just do not know.

However, I have had enough exposure to biologists to prefer the term *genetic predisposition*. This means that, under particular circumstances, a predisposed individual will manifest the behavior in question.

With respect to homosexuality, I do not rule out seduction as one of the circumstances that could turn a predisposition into actual conduct. This is why, in my article, I make such a large point of economic circumstances that promote singles lifestyles. The singles lifestyle often includes living arrangements within which seductions could—among predisposed individuals—flourish.

I think that many men and women could never be seduced into same-sex unions. But accounts of shipboard and prison behavior—excluding, of course, coerced sex—suggest that some can be seduced. Under other circumstances, these same individuals would be wholly

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heterosexual. I cannot be dragged into a nature/nurture controversy, because the two factors usually act together. Nurture, including the social environment, sometimes acts on a genetically ("naturally") predisposed individual to bring out a particular sexual orientation. Under different circumstances, that same individual would adopt a different orientation.

Dr. Presser Replies:

I have enormous respect and admiration for my *Chronicles* fellow editor and colleague Harold O.J. Brown, and, like Dr. Abernethy, I am not in major disagreement with much of what he says. For instance, I agree with the way that he nicely implies that the character of the "mystery passage" of *Planned Parenthood v. Casey* is satanic. We will have to disagree, however, about the impossibility of returning marriage to the Church and the unfavorable implications of such a move. While I would prefer to live in a country that still embraced the Framers' dictum that one cannot have law without morality and that one cannot have morality without religion, the increasing divorce of religion from the public square by our nation's courts seems, actually, to have strengthened religion in the hearts of many Americans. It seems perfectly possible that allowing churches to become the true custodians of marriage will also strengthen that institution. I am also not convinced that "homosexual marriage" or homosexual behavior in general is likely to "spread like wildfire," as happened with abortion. Whether that will happen does turn on whether homosexuality is genetically or culturally determined, and I think that the evidence indicates that the former is more likely than the latter. Law does have an educational function, but there are times when the law does get it wrong, and other institutions in society are needed once again to put things right.

On Pulling the Trigger

My friend (and onetime fellow Episcopalian) David Mills speaks dryly, slyly, of the Episcopal Church's "usual irrelevance" in "Pulling the Trigger" (*Vital Signs*, March). Well, you know, the question is: "relevant" to what? In this present case, to the received Christian Faith? Ha and double-ha.

Stand Christian morality on its head, as did the Episcopal General Convention in confirming the election of a homosexual as bishop, and you deserve scant credit from the sort of Anglican who prefers John Wesley or John Newman to John Spong.

Nevertheless, to the large, mysterious purposes of the Lord, I think I might detect some relevance in all this mess. Namely, this: At last we get to watch this whole gay-liberation saga, in its religious context, play out on the stage instead of *via* suggestions in the ads and playbills; the full orchestra tuned up and sawing away; the dialogue and recitative given out word for word, rather than cunningly excerpted.

Even now, a few "relevancies" pop up amid the Johnson grass and clover.

1. The inexhaustibility of the homosexual agenda. This is Mr. Mills' central argument, and he is dead right; because the effect of the General Convention's vote is to sweep away signs that denote moral limits. Where would Episcopalians post such signs now, having moved beyond the Scriptural/theological understanding of sex as the means of male-female fulfillment and of propagation? Doesn't anything go now? If not, why not? On what principles of morality do we now defend natural sex as against the nonnatural kind? The dike has been breached. Anything can seep through.

2. The shamelessness of a theological left willing to override historic Christian understanding with shabby, feel-good arguments—claiming the direction of the "Holy Spirit" (a spirit that evidently talks out of different sides of its mouth to different parts of the Church). The agendas of the ecclesiastical left are congruent with those of the political and cultural left, and that is no bad thing to keep in mind.

3. The existence and comparative unity of an in-house resistance movement. A characteristic of members of modern American society is the felt need to nod sympathetically at group claims of deprivation. No nods come from the Episcopal conservatives now organizing opposition to and, ultimately, physical detachment from, the gay-sayers. I do think my friend David is a little starchy with those conservatives who do not yet see the verifiable connection between women's ordination and gay lib. Give 'em a little credit, I say, for maybe beginning to see or, perhaps, just to ask questions.

4. The intolerance of the newly tolerated. Think the Episcopal Church is going to recognize the rights of those who assert what the Church Herself used to assert? Think again. The hierarchy's attitude, respecting dissenters, is, *Dammit, we won, and you lost!* Or, as one bishop recently declared with sweet Christian charity, those who don't like the new state of things should go elsewhere. Maybe they will. Many are on their way now. Whatever the case, it is with eyes and ears tuned in to realities no one can any longer call dreams or distant prospects or one-day-perhapses.

—*William Murchison*
Dallas, TX

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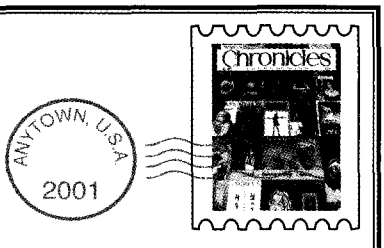

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by Tom Piatak

Outsourcing Our Future

Earlier this year, Hewlett-Packard CEO Carly Fiorina defended her company's decision to send American jobs to Asia by declaring, "There is no job that is America's God-given right anymore." She probably did not mean to include CEO's of Fortune 500 corporations in this statement—Hyderabad does not offer all the amenities she is used to, after all—but her blunt declaration that patriotism has no place in the board room perfectly captures the logic behind outsourcing.

Fiorina's sentiments were echoed by Greg Mankiw, the chairman of President Bush's Council of Economic Advisors, who observed that "outsourcing is just a new way of doing international trade" that would help the U.S. economy "in the long run." President Bush's response to outsourcing has been to denounce the "economic isolationists" who would rather see high-paying computer jobs stay in the United States.

The majority of Americans, however, do not share the One Worldism of the Fortune 500 and the Bush administration. A recent Gallup Poll revealed that 61 percent of Americans are concerned that they or a friend or relative might lose a job to outsourcing. The same poll showed that 85 percent of Americans feel that a candidate's stand on outsourcing will be important in how they vote, with 58 percent saying that it will be "very important." It is safe to say that not many of these voters are as enthusiastic about their jobs disappearing as Carly Fiorina is.

In one sense, the popular outrage over outsourcing is a bit puzzling. As Mankiw noted, outsourcing is perfectly consistent with the free-trade ideology that has been embraced by the elites of both parties. Those elites, however, have been telling us that, even though the loss of manufacturing jobs was somehow "inevitable," we would prosper because high-paying computer and technical jobs would be ours. The rise of outsourcing has exposed this fatuousness, as corporations rush to replace their American technical employees with foreigners. The unemployment rate for electrical engineers stands at 6.2 percent, higher than the national average. News stories have described how students previously interested in engineering are now pursuing jobs that they expect will continue to be performed here, such as those in law and the ever-growing government bureaucracy. And the trickle of outsourcing threatens to become a flood. Forrester Research projects that 500,000 computer-programming and information-technology jobs will migrate to India alone by 2015, joining a projected total of 3.3 million private-sector service jobs moving abroad over the same period. Predictions from the University of California-Berkeley run somewhat higher: 14 million American jobs could be outsourced in the next decade.

Despite the platitudes mouthed by the Bush administration, the answer is not more education. After all, many of the jobs being sent overseas require great intelligence and an advanced education. It is not a lack of education that is causing American engineers to be replaced by Indian engineers making one fifth of what they do. Those jobs will continue to move overseas, at least until American engineers' salaries have dropped to the point where it is no longer attractive to replace them with Indians. In fact, the Bureau of Labor Statistics recently released a list of the 19 fastest-growing occupations in America, and only two—registered nurses and postsecondary education—require any advanced education at all. The blunt truth is that we can expect any job that is open to foreign competition will be performed by declining numbers of Americans at wages facing continued downward pressure.

As shown by both the February and the March job figures, the growth areas in our free-trade economy are government and areas subsidized by government, such as education and health services (which together accounted for 36,000 of the 46,000 jobs added in February), and areas insulated from foreign competition, such as retail trade, leisure and hospitality, and construction (which, together with government-related employment, accounted for over 70 percent of the job growth in March). Although the more robust March job figures are good news, this remains the slowest recovery in terms of job creation since the 1930's. Reporter John Allen, writing in the March 7, 2004, *Washington Post*, cites Georgetown economist Harry Holzer, who notes that there has not been a similar decline in payroll jobs since the 1930's, and Johns Hopkins economist Arnold Packer, who observes that employees' share of the value added to the U.S. economy has fallen to its lowest point since such records were first kept in 1947. Four million Americans have run through unemployment benefits without finding a job, and inflation-adjusted hourly wages have barely risen over the last year—even though the economy was growing during that entire time.

More and more Americans are coming to believe that there may be something fundamentally wrong with our economy. And even some economists and businessmen are starting to rethink their adherence to free-trade ideology. CNN's Lou Dobbs has made opposition to outsourcing something of a personal crusade. Economist Jeff Madrick, writing in the March 18, 2004, *New York Times*, cites several economists who now believe that their profession has seriously underestimated the costs of job dislocation caused by free trade. And supply-side economist Paul Craig Roberts, a staunch opponent of big government and one of the architects of Ronald Reagan's 1981 tax cut, has written column after column exposing the fallacies of free-trade ideology.

The antidote to outsourcing is a return to economic patriotism by businessmen, consumers, and government. Despite what free-trade ideologues maintain, this is not synonymous with big government. Our current "recovery" has seen continued job growth in government, while private-sector jobs have disappeared, and it is hard to see government diminishing when disappearing jobs and declining wages create more government dependents, including two-income families relying on government to help with childcare and with the "advanced education" that is being touted as the remedy to job displacement. By contrast, before America embraced free trade, government was small, taxes were low, and families largely cared for themselves. Maybe that was not a coincidence.

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THE U.S. ECONOMY has shown strong signs of a turn-around. The President's tax cuts have helped Americans turn an important corner. Many parts of our economy have regained their strength and have surged ahead with new vitality.

However, too many Americans need jobs. Many of these jobs have gone overseas, the result of outsourcing and offshoring trends seeking cheap labor.

We need to give our manufacturers and their suppliers incentives to put Americans back to work and to keep their jobs in the United States. I have been working for some time with more than two dozen of my Republican colleagues to make sure that the replacement for the Foreign Sales Corporation-Extraterritorial Income (FSC-ETI) tax program does not inadvertently raise taxes on manufacturing in America at exactly the wrong time. In fact, our goal is to reward companies for keeping manufacturing in the United States by giving them a lower tax rate on their domestic production. The more you produce in the United States, the lower your taxes.

American manufacturers are already at a substantial disadvantage in world markets. The United States is quickly becoming a less attractive and more costly location for operating a business. Our manufacturers know the numbers all too well. We are a relatively high-tax jurisdiction with costly regulatory burdens that reduce incentives for expansion and choke research and development. America must do something to change this situation if we are to have any hope of protecting our nation's manufacturing base.

Before we can enact substantial reforms that small-business leaders tell us will help them compete in world markets, we must first be resolved (like good doctors) to "do no harm." An FSC-ETI replacement bill that raises the costs of domestic manufacturing is unacceptable, and I am pleased that Ways and Means Committee Chairman Bill Thomas (R-CA) has moved to help secure some new savings for U.S. manufacturers in his bill. However, the current bill still leans heavily to the side of international tax relief. As a result, it would actually encourage manufacturers to send more jobs overseas, where they can get a lower tax rate for international production.

I have made several suggestions. As we come to the end of a long period of negotiation on how best to bring the United States into compliance with the WTO's decision that we must repeal FSC-ETI, I still believe that the following principles should guide us: First, since 90 percent of FSC-ETI benefits under current law go to domestic manufacturers, domestic manufacturers should appropriately benefit under the bill—not multinational corporations operating overseas.

Second, any repeal should be aimed at helping all manufacturers, not just large corporations. The Thomas bill should be expanded to cover other forms of businesses besides C corporations, as is the case in the bill passed by the Senate Finance Committee.

Third, the Thomas bill includes a provision that increases taxes on foreign-owned companies doing business in the United States. During a period of crisis in the manufacturing sector, we should not increase taxes on these corporations that hire millions of U.S. workers. I assure you, they will create their jobs elsewhere. The Thomas earnings-stripping proposal should be modified to apply only to those companies that engage in tax avoidance.

Fourth, we should ensure that the current FSC-ETI companies and their small-business suppliers do not close their doors or move overseas when this benefit goes away. We should try to make the transition as painless as possible.

On March 1, the European Union began enforcing five-percent tariffs on certain products that U.S. manufacturers export to Europe as a penalty for Congress's failure to repeal FSC-ETI, which the World Trade Organization determined to be an unfair trade subsidy. We should work quickly to pass a clean FSC-ETI replacement bill that helps those currently receiving the benefits—American manufacturers producing in the United States.

Our competitors have enough advantages over U.S. manufacturers. It is time we gave our companies incentives to keep jobs here in the United States. The FSC-ETI replacement bill gives us the opportunity to help U.S. manufacturers keep jobs on our shores. American workers will be the big winners.

—Rep. Donald A. Manzullo
Chairman of the House Committee on Small Business

ISRAEL'S ASSASSINATION on March 22 of Sheik Ahmad Yassin, founder of the Hamas militant group in the Gaza Strip, has prompted Arab calls for revenge against Israeli and American targets. His funeral in Gaza City, attended by more than 100,000 people, reflected a new tide of militancy throughout the region. New Hamas leader Abdelaziz Rantissi ruled out any cease-fire with Israel until she ends her occupation of the Palestinian territories. The leader of the Lebanese group Hezbollah, Sheikh Hassan Nasrallah, said that his fighters would "take the harshest revenge." Several other groups, including Islamic Jihad, have threatened to target Israeli Prime Minister Ariel Sharon, who is reported to have approved the killing.

The killing of Yassin is likely to cement even further the alliance between Palestinian nationalism and Islamic fundamentalism that he devoted his life to fostering. Until a generation ago, political Islam was an almost unknown phenomenon among Palestinians. The Arab Nationalist Movement, founded in 1950 by Georges Habache; the Fatah, started by Yasser Arafat eight years later; and the Palestine Liberation Organization, which came into being in 1964, were all secular nationalist organizations with strongly Marxist overtones. Their slogans were largely devoid of a religious component, and they were treated with some mistrust by Muslim traditionalists.

The great realignment came with the collapse of the Soviet Union. In the absence of the failed secular god, many young Palestinians turned to Allah. Sheikh Ahmad Yassin successfully offered them a blend of political Islam and the nationalist slogans of the secularists. In line with Islamic teaching, he declared that, when the infidels usurp a Muslim land, *jihad* becomes *fard-u-'ayn* (compulsory) for every single Muslim. To confront the Jews was, in Yassin's view, not only a matter of national pride and patriotic duty but a religious obligation. He succeeded in shifting the struggle against Israel from a "war of national liberation" to an act of worship for which Allah rewards those who sacrifice themselves.

Such religious contextualization of the Arab-Israeli dispute has made its resolution more difficult. For all its complexities, it was somewhat easier to look for

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a solution while the conflict remained stated in the secular, "rational" terms of power, territory, resources, and guarantees. Yassin did more than any other man to effect a change in the internal Arab discourse: From the point of view of his followers, no permanent peace is possible because it would be against Allah's will to grant any piece of land once controlled by the faithful to non-Muslims.

Even if Israel is eventually recognized by all of her Arab neighbors as part of a peace package imposed by the outside world—an unlikely prospect at this time—the lasting legacy of Yassin will be that a large segment of Palestinian opinion, especially among the young who are the majority today and the leaders of tomorrow, will reject the legitimacy of the Jewish state's existence and refuse to regard its existence as a permanent feature of the Middle Eastern political landscape.

A mirror image of this view is the claim of some Israelis—embraced by many in the American evangelical movement—that the modern state of Israel is the embodiment of a biblical covenant. Even the late secularist, socialist former prime minister Golda Meir once declared that "this country exists as the accomplishment of a promise made by God Himself and it would be absurd to call its legitimacy into account."

Theological claims of both sides notwithstanding, the conflict in the Middle East is neither incomprehensible outside its own terms of reference nor unique. It is structurally comparable to that between Serbs and Albanians in Kosovo, or between Orangemen and Nationalists in Ulster. It is a zero-sum dispute, with one side's gain the other's loss. In all cases, the parties vie for power and for territory that each claims as its own. Many are willing to fight and die to take it or to preserve it. Their claims are often accompanied by the religiously based "narratives" that are rooted in history, myth, and tradition.

The United States should treat such claims with polite respect, but we must not co-opt or internalize any of them as a relevant factor in our own security calculation. We should be aware of the historical record of political Islam and harbor no illusions about the ultimate objective of Sheikh Yassin's heirs, which is to destroy Israel. At the same time, demystifying the relationship between America and Israel and redefining it in terms of mutual interests devoid of metaphysical or emotional mists would help Israel to mature into a "normal" nation-state and make a settlement more likely.

The continued existence of Israel is in the interest of the United States, on geopolitical—rather than moral or biblical—grounds. The United States should promote a fair, genuinely even-handed settlement—based on the fundamentally sound principle of "land for peace"—that would remove the threat to Israel's existence and include specific renunciations of religious injunctions that forbid permanent peace. The alternative, in the long run, is the fulfilment of Sheikh Ahmad Yassin's ugly dream.

—*Srdja Trifkovic*

"GAY MARRIAGE" may be on the political back burner for the moment, as Karl Rove is busy crafting phrases that will appease Christian-conservative Bush backers this fall while appealing to homosexual swing-voters with promises of "civil unions" (a.k.a. legalized "gay marriage"). In the Evangelical Lutheran Church of American (ELCA), however, the pot is fixing to boil.

The ELCA was founded in 1986 as a result of a merger of several formerly ethnic Lutheran synods in the United States as well as a splinter group that left the conservative Lutheran Church Missouri Synod after an attempt to turn the LCMS liberal failed. From the beginning, the ELCA has been distinguished by a professed loyalty to Scripture and the Lutheran confessions that can be set aside freely whenever the need arises. Sadly, this reality is not apparent to some lifelong ELCA members whose country churches maintain the historic liturgy and have not had occasion to call a priestess to lead the flock. It must have come as a great shock to these faithful, then, when the wicked little booklet (with happy trees in a misty woodland on the cover) *Journey Together Faithfully: The Church and Homosexuality* arrived. This handy brainwashing tool is to be used by committees in ELCA churches across America, to help seminary-trained pastors lead little old ladies and young parents to discover just what the Bible says about homosexuality and the Church's role in blessing "gay marriages." After each church finishes the "journey," everyone's thoughts and feelings are to be gathered together and sent to headquarters, forming "recommendations for the church to consider in 2005," after which a "social statement" will be drafted by 2007.

Despite all of the ELCA's appeals for meaningful dialogue, it appears that the deck has been stacked against those who would oppose church-sanctioned sodomy—both the blessing of "gay marriage" and the ordination of pastors and bishops who are "homosexual persons who give expression to sexual intimacy only in a relationship that is mutual [*sic*], chaste [*sic*] and faithful . . . " *Wait a minute!* one of the faithful writes (on the "Frequently Asked Questions" page on *elca.org*), "Hasn't the outcome of this study already been decided?" Take heart, ye who adhere to the Unaltered Augsburg Confession: "There are no foregone conclusions. All involved in the conduct of our studies on sexuality are committed to an open and fair process in which all views will be heard and respected."

There are, however, several "foregone conclusions" at work here. First, the ELCA already officially "welcome[s] gay and lesbian people to participate fully in the life of its congregations"—that means active sodomites, not repentant men and women who have renounced their unnatural behavior. This attitude has created a homosexual subculture within the ELCA which has, in turn, lobbied for a definitive decision on homosexual "marriage" and clergy. Still, despite the recent spate of court decisions and lawless civil ceremonies affirming "gay marriage," it is difficult to imagine that this issue would have come to the fore so quickly in the ELCA were it not for the elevation of V. Eugene Robinson to the status of bishop in the Episcopal Church, U.S.A. That Bishop Robinson abandoned his wife and children (dubbed "adultery" in days of yore) to pursue a "mutual, chaste, and faithful" relationship with another man—who, in a *Queer Eye for the Queer Guy* moment, handed V. Eugene his mitre at the height of his elevation ceremony—is well known. That his status affects the ministerium of the ELCA may not be so obvious.

In an effort to unite the "Body of Christ," the ELCA entered into an agreement with the Episcopal Church, U.S.A., in 2001 called *A Call to Common Mission*, which establishes full communion between the two bodies. In addition, CCM provided for the mutual recognition of clergy—which involved some doctrinal jiggering on the Lutheran side, as the role of bishops and "historic succession" had been understood differently by Lutherans in the past. Practically speaking, this means that the ELCA must recognize an

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adulterous sodomite as a legitimate bishop and that any ELCA church could call him to preside over the Sacrament of the Altar. Furthermore, according to CCM, "The churches will over time come to share in the ministry of bishops in an evangelical, historic succession."

Not to worry, dear parishioner: If you read the accompanying supplement to the *Journey* (*Background Study on Biblical Texts*), you will see that all of those nasty Scriptures that seem to condemn homosexuality, when held in the light of recent scholarship, actually condemn "inhospitability" (Sodom and Gomorrah), that which is "against current custom" (St. Paul's reference to "that which is unnatural" in Romans 1), or just plain don't apply to our times, since *we're not under the law—we're under grace!*

Such exegetical chicanery may cause a mass exodus of pastors and laity from the ELCA to the Missouri Synod and to other conservative Protestant denominations in the course of the next three years. Those bodies should be cautioned, however: Many of those within the ELCA who are raising protests about their church's attitude toward homosexuality carry with them the hermeneutical seeds that grew into the current thorn bush. The acceptance of "gay marriage" did not happen overnight: The rejection of natural law began with the ELCA's embracing of contraception, female "clergy," abortion, and homosexuality as an "orientation." And the ELCA's rejection of the clear teaching of Scripture began when the ethnic bodies that it comprises accepted historical-critical methods of exegesis in the mid-20th century.

As for those faithful who are contemplating leaving Sodom for the plain of Mamre, there is but one admonition: Remember Lot's wife.

—*Aaron D. Wolf*

OBITER DICTA: Scholarships are available for worthy graduate and undergraduate students interested in attending The Rockford Institute's Seventh Annual **Summer School**. (See the ad on the back cover.) To apply, contact **Christopher Check**, executive vice president, at (815) 964-5811 or at *summerschool@rockfordinstitute.org*.

Here in Rockford, spring is in the air, a time for new beginnings. We are pleased to announce that **Aaron D. Wolf** has accepted the position of associate editor of *Chronicles*. You will also notice a new column on page 48, Chilton Williamson, Jr.'s *What's Wrong With the World*, a review of manners and morals, which will alternate with *The Hundredth Meridian*.

Our first poet this month is **Catharine Savage Brosman** of New Orleans. Her poetry and prose have appeared in the *New England Review*, the *Southern Review*, and the *Sewanee Review*, among others. Two collections of her verse, *The Swimmer and Other Poems* (R.L. Barth) and *Places in Mind* (LSU Press), were published in 2001.

Our second poet is **Andrew Huntley**, who hails from Sydney, Australia. Mr. Huntley's work has recently appeared in *AD2000*, *Adelaide Review*, *Christian Border*, and *Quadrant*. Collections of his work include *The Stone Serpent Dreaming* (Hale & Iremonger) and *Minor Pageant* (Island Press).

Our art is provided by our art director, **H. Ward Sterett** of Roscoe, Illinois. Mr. Sterett received his B.F.A. from the University of Colorado and his M.F.A. from Northern Illinois University, and he attended the L'Abri Fellowship, where he studied the effect of Christianity on art. He currently works as a sculptor, painter, and printmaker in Roscoe, of which he is village president.

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by Thomas Fleming

Cultural Suicide

Tonight, dear friends, is the eve of the Feast of Albertus Magnus. "Who he?" would be the response of most people who have gone to school since the end of World War II. Names like Thomas Aquinas and Albertus Magnus, Cicero and Cato, Alfred the Great and the Venerable Bede, while they may echo distantly in the memories of those of us who have reached the age of 50, will probably ring no bells in the minds of our children.

What *did* your kids learn in school today? Certainly nothing about Albertus Magnus or Leonidas and his 300 Spartans at Thermopylae or Scipio Africanus and his gallant defense of Rome against the child-murdering Carthaginians. They would have been even less likely to hear about Charles Martel, who drove the infidel Moors back into Spain, or the ragtag Christian army of John Hunyadi, St. John Capistrano, and Vlad the Impaler, a.k.a. Dracula, that drove the Turks back from Belgrade in one of the most glorious moments of Western history. What American under 60 can say what took place at Lepanto or Cowpens or the Alamo or Guadalcanal?

If your children are college students, and they are going to the University of California-Santa Barbara, they can attend such lectures as "Shinin' the Light on White: An Introduction to White Privilege," led by the cofounder of the "Challenging White Supremacy Workshops," or a lecture performance by Roxanne Poorman Gupta "in praise of the primordial feminine," or Alejandro Jaurez's thoughtful presentation "F---ing with the Stereotypes: Gay Men of Color in Porn," in which a Chicano-studies and art-studio major pays tribute to "Submissive Asians, spicy Latinos, hung Black stallions."

At my own *alma mater* (Chapel Hill), incoming freshmen are required to read Barbara Ehrenreich's *Nickel and Dimed*, a Marxist diatribe against all things American written by a 60's feminist who has not learned a thing in 40 years of demonstrating and posturing. The poor thing actually went out and waited tables so she could suffer with the poor—before going back to her affluent lifestyle as a government-subsidized perfesser. Last fall, the same university was promoting *Approaching the Qu'ran*, by Haverford professor Michael Sells, a third-rate leftist quack who never tires of promoting all things abnormal or non-Western. And the Alumni Association wonders why I do not send them money.

In celebrating Islam, Sells is hardly original. Public-school students in California are put through an intensive three-week course on Islam in which they are forced to memorize verses of the Koran and pray in the name of Allah, whom they praise as "Lord of Creation." They also study the life of Muhammad and memorize Arabic phrases, Islamic theological terms, and Muslim proverbs.

In the textbook for the course, *Across the Centuries*, students are also taught about the intolerance of Christians who persecuted those poor dear harmless witches and used the Inquisition against heretics. To help them learn to think like Muslims, students are even forced to dress up as Bedouins and pretend to be in a caravan. It was Muslims, after all, who "introduced rhythmic music, rhyming poetry, different courses at meals, and table manners," according to their history book. If you have ever wondered where John Walker Lindh got the notion that conversion to Islam was a good idea, the obvious answer is that his school converted him to the religion of terror.

The Islamic propaganda being pushed in our schools is only the most perverse manifestation of the multicultural sickness. Our children are taught, as many of us were taught, that Muslim Arabs and Turks are heirs (as we are) to the civilization of Greece and Rome, that Muslims preserved Greek philosophy and mathematics in a period when barbarian Christians were persecuting independent thinkers. Islam is one of three great monotheisms, and Muslims and Christians worship the same god, only with different names. Muslims *per se* are not our enemy, only Islamic extremists who commit acts of terrorism—that is to say, Muslims who believe in their religion and act according to its principles.

This myth, to a great extent, defines the modern civilization not of the West but of the Anti-West, and, unlike many myths, which are a poetic means of getting at a deeper reality, there is not a particle of truth in it. The primary effect of the Arab conquest of North Africa and the Middle East was the destruction of the civilization of the Greeks and Romans. The Muslim conquerors persecuted and impoverished the Christians of the eastern empire and proved themselves largely incapable of maintaining the institutions of civilized life. The same might be said of the Franks and Goths who invaded the western empire, but those German tribes quickly accepted its religion and culture and, within 500 years, were producing a brilliant "Gothic" civilization.

The Muslims, however, came only to loot and to destroy, and the culture they built out of the ruins of Persian and Greco-Roman civilization was sterile, derivative, and uncreative. In such fringe areas as Spain, Bosnia, and Persia, Islamic principles were submerged, to a considerable extent, in a vibrant local culture, which enabled the emergence of nominally Muslim thinkers and artists who made a creative use of the classical past, but, insofar as Islam had an influence on their work, it was negative. What kind of art can there be when human beings cannot be represented? What kind of philosophy, when thinkers must accept the crudest savage fatalism as the undisputed truth? What kind of social life, when women are treated, in principle, worse than slaves in Christendom? Yet this is the religion and civilization that is being inflicted on our schoolchildren.

The cancer of multiculturalism is not quarantined in our schools. Our support for the Islamic religion in schools has been matched, at least until recently, by a willingness to permit Muslims to enter our country, set up propaganda and lobbying centers, and protest against whatever Christian symbols other non-Christian groups have failed to eliminate.

Muslims, however, are only a small part of the multiculturalist assault. You cannot turn on the radio or television or go to a film without being assaulted by anti-European, anti-Christian, antiheterosexual stereotypes. In film after film, dumb, insensitive white guys are taught how to be fully human by black jazzmen,

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Sioux braves, Asian children, or brilliant artistic homosexuals. And, unless you attend a traditional Latin Mass or a conservative Baptist or Missouri Synod Lutheran church, you will hear the same propaganda on Sunday. It takes a good deal of Christian patience to endure the relentless clerical sniveling over the rights of immigrants and the superiority of their more authentic cultural traditions, which may include female circumcision, animal sacrifice, narcotrafficking, polygamy, and the arranged marriage of preteen girls to old men.

Our ruling class has come up with the perfect formula for cultural suicide. First, set quotas to encourage the immigration of non-Western aliens. Then, once they have arrived, give them a whole set of rights that no one else has: the right to be taught in a foreign language at the taxpayers' expense; the right to have their religion and culture inflicted on American students who cannot pray in school or be taught the English classics; the right to preferential treatment in school admissions, scholarships, and employment—at the expense, remember, of our own children.

Multiculturalism and Western self-loathing did not begin in the 1960's. If we look back at the imagined Golden Age of the 1950's, where was the cultural cutting edge? Not, certainly, with such writers as Frost and Eliot, Hemingway and Faulkner, all of whom were nearing the end of their careers. No, the cutting edge was the spatter-painting of Jackson Pollock, whose "work" (though that is hardly the word for something that more resembles leaning against a wall and spitting tobacco juice on pavement) is a rebellion against all Western art and Western sanity; and, in literature, it was the so-called Beats, who repudiated the standards and traditions of the West in favor of the mysterious East.

In cultural politics, the radical voice was that of Frantz Fanon, who denounced Western colonialism, declaring that whites only defined themselves in opposition to blacks and calling for the creation of a new world in which all history and tradition had been annihilated. Neither Frantz Fanon nor the postwar Beat Generation, however, were original in anything. They were merely repeating the pre-war platitudes of Marxists and surrealists.

The surrealists had more on their minds than melting watches and unintelligible poems. Many of them were also Marxists, and some of the leaders signed a famous manifesto denouncing the French Catholic Paul Claudel. Claudel's sin was to have called for a defense of the West's cultural traditions, which the surrealists derided as inferior to all the cultures of the world, high and low. If the West was falling apart, so much the better: "We profoundly hope that revolutions, wars, colonial insurrections, will annihilate this Western civilization whose vermin you defend . . ."

Seven years later, the surrealists issued their encyclical on the colonial question, "Murderous Humanitarianism" (1932), republished in the special issue "Surrealism: Revolution Against Whiteness" in the aptly named journal *Race Traitor*. This edict condemns not only colonialism, capitalism, and the clergy but the black middle class and liberals who collaborate with capitalist regimes.

Western "humanism," they declare, so far from being humane, was built on slavery, colonialism, and genocide, and they proclaimed the enduring multicultural political agenda: an ethnic "civil war" against the West.

The surrealist diatribes echoing through the corridors of the academy today are only the culmination of four centuries of cultural suicide, going back at least to the nominally Christian but really neopagan Michel de Montaigne, who devoted one of his most important essays ("On the Cannibals") to debunking all the institutions of France: the French monarchy, the French Church, French customs, French culture.

From Montaigne to Montesquieu to Voltaire to Rousseau to the surrealists to Ginsberg to the elementary-school teachers preaching Islam to California schoolchildren, there is an unbroken line of anti-Western, antiwhite, anti-Christian propaganda and a cultural amnesia so complete that we know more of Fat Albert than of Albertus Magnus.

St. Albert the Great, because of the breadth of his interests, is known as the Universal Doctor. Although he was the greatest authority of his day on the natural sciences—physics and astronomy—he is now known chiefly as an advocate of moderate Aristotelianism. Like his more famous student, St. Thomas Aquinas, he set out to refute the pseudo-Aristotelian disciples of the Muslim philosopher Averroes, whose distortions of Aristotle were incompatible with Christianity.

It is often said that Arab Muslim scholars are responsible for rescuing Aristotle. This is only partly true. It was Syrian Christians who, in the fifth and sixth centuries, translated Aristotle into Syriac and who later, in ninth-century Baghdad, retranslated him into Arabic. Arab commentators did some good in interpreting the philosophical and medical texts, but they also had an agenda of their own. The Muslim Aristotelians, who were of a neoplatonic bent, convinced themselves that God did not create the world directly but through intermediaries and that the soul was not immortal. To defend himself from a charge of heresy, Averroes came up with the theory of two proofs—that revelation and philosophy were separate avenues to truth—that inflicted so much damage on the medieval mind.

Saint Albert and Saint Thomas stood against the Islamic skeptical tide. Defending the Western mind from the invasion of Islamic thought was a very important task, as important as the task of the Crusades that were going on at this time to protect Orthodox Christians in the East and to rescue the Holy Land from Islamic oppression.

At the first John Randolph Club meeting in Dallas, I said it was time for ordinary Americans to take back their country, and the phrase was picked up for a time and turned into a political slogan. Even if we cannot take back the country in our lifetime, however, we can take back our own lives, and, instead of complaining, as the neoconservatives do, about the evil schemes of the left (which includes them), we can prepare ourselves, our minds, our children's minds, to be men and women of the West. ◦c

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Thomas Fleming's
HARD *Right*
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Rainbow

by Catharine Savage Brosman

We're sitting with the tourists in the Wyndham bar
on the eleventh floor, above the Mississippi, right
across from Algiers Point, with bridges on one hand,
and St. Bernard down river. *We're* not tourists, no,
thank heaven—merely here, admiring our cityscape
on this late afternoon in summer, watching twilight
hesitate (uncertain at this solstice date of whether

to approach, delaying its arrival for an hour or so).
All day there's been a sense of rain, with brooding
in the air, a growling now and then but no explosion,
when suddenly the storm decides to occupy Algiers
and moves in quickly, cannoning full-force behind
a screen of light artillery. Minerva wears a helmet
of dark steel to visit us, as she looms up, her lance

in hand, as though to roar across the bridges; Mars
meantime comes riding on black clouds, while Jove
hurls down his thunderbolts, the lightning playing
in a modernist ballet, the cannonades as cacophonic
as the music of Stravinsky. Imagine it's a theater,
the curtain raised, the play begun, its outcome yet
at issue (just a shower, after all? or twenty inches

in the streets? or a divine catastrophe?). Instruction
follows from this spectacle: our vision is transformed
by half-obscurity; the drinks become a bit crepuscular,
the river dull; we too are different, changed a moment
by our senses. Wait: what's that ahead? A tendency
toward light . . . a possibility of blue . . . a slender peel
of yellow like that lemon in your cocktail! Even eyes

have taken on a brighter hue, and sunshine radiates
around the stage. The denouement is happy, blessed
by Iris, who divides her shafts of light to show us
what we're made of: remnants of a cosmic comedy,
a watery covenant embracing earth and sky, a prism
of being divining breaches in the darkness to collect
the world's intelligence and turn it into dazzling idea.

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by Philip Jenkins

As Cold as Charity

Did anybody notice when Catholic Christianity ceased to be a religion in the United States? Not when it stopped being a popular or even a permissible religion, but when it became simply a nonreligion? I ask this because a recent court decision in California threatens to launch a legal revolution, in a way that would be dazzlingly ingenious if it were not so sinister. After years of tinkering selectively with the First Amendment to favor certain religious ideas and views while undermining others, one important court has now taken the imaginative step of simply removing whole spiritual traditions from the definition of *religion*.

The case in question has its roots in the late 1990's, when the California legislature demanded that health-insurance plans include coverage for contraception. Realizing the obvious moral and religious conflicts that might arise, the law—the Women's Contraceptive Equity Act (WCEA)—provided conscientious exemption for groups with a principled objection to contraceptives. The term "religious employer" was defined quite freely, the main criterion being that the group in question had as its main purpose "the inculcation of religious values" and that it principally employed and served people who shared those religious tenets.

The intention of the law was anything but mysterious, and nobody thought that any great Church-state issues were involved. Very shortly, however, the seemingly ironclad language of the WCEA's religious exemption came under attack, when employees of the Catholic Charities of Sacramento claimed the right to contraceptive coverage. At first sight, the claim appears outrageous. Clearly, Catholic Charities is an arm of the Catholic Church, which evidently has something to do with "the inculcation of religious values," and those values reject contraception. Nevertheless, the lower courts held against the Catholic cause, and, in early 2004, those decisions were upheld by the majority of the California Supreme Court. (The case, *Catholic Charities of Sacramento, Inc.*, v. *The Superior Court of Sacramento County*, can be explored in detail at *clsnet.org/clrfPages/amicus/charitiesvStateCalif.php*.)

While the specific decision seems unreasonable or onerous, the underlying grounds are terrifying. The state supreme court ruled that, though the Catholic Church *as a church* might be religious, this qualification does not extend to its worldly manifestations—such as Catholic Charities. The notion of "religious values" does not comprehend such blatantly secular pursuits as "counseling, mental health and immigration services, low income housing, and supportive social services to the poor and vulnerable." These tasks evidently have nothing to do with religion, though I think that a few obstinate exegetes insist that they have found passages in the Scriptures that *might* conceivably provide some kind of religious coloring to these acts—something about clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, and helping the stranger—but I'm sure that these themes only surface in a few odd biblical translations. No reputable religious authority would ever suggest that these critical functions should fall to anyone other than the secular state and its accredited social-service agencies.

Now, these were not the only grounds for the decision. The court also felt that Catholic Charities had failed abysmally in its duty to exercise wide-ranging bigotry in its daily operations. After all, if it had insisted on employing only people who accepted its warped views, and, still more, if it had demanded a religious test before offering social services, then the agency would have been clear under the law. It did not, however, and so it lost the claim to exemption. Unaccountably, Catholic Charities also failed to exploit and oppress its employees. Though the law allows employers to refuse all prescription-drug coverage to employees, this particular charitable organization insisted on referring to some strange and nonlegal concept called the "moral obligation" of the employer "at all times to consider the well-being of its employees." This moral imperative required that employees be treated decently, even at the risk of running up against the wise laws of California. At every point, Catholic Charities of Sacramento behaved reprehensibly, by its consistent refusal to exercise religious discrimination and its willful application of a social conscience. One can have little sympathy for such hardened offenders.

But to return to the issue of religion and religious exemption: What the legislature of California did—and in such a way that it was subsequently upheld by the state supreme court—was to offer a staggeringly narrow definition of religion, one that is strikingly at variance with standard usage and with much legal precedent. Religion in this sense is only taken as "inculcating values," that is, as preaching or evangelizing, to the exclusion of all other associated activities. If that definition is widely adopted—and the California courts are influential—that heralds a dramatic curtailing of religious exemptions and exceptions not just in employment law but in all financial and tax matters, not to mention clergy-privilege cases. Yes, the First Amendment safeguards freedom of religion—but organizations the judges do not like or approve of are not religious, so they cannot claim protection.

If that accusation of extreme subjectivity sounds unfair, recall how *religion* is defined when the matter at hand is one closer to judicial sympathies. In 1965, the U.S. Supreme Court broadened the definition of religion for purposes of draft exemption to groups lacking any orthodox belief or structure provided they held "a sincere and meaningful belief occupying in the life of its possessor a place parallel to that filled by the God of those admittedly qualified for the exemption" (*United States* v. *Seeger*). Religion, in short, was whatever you wanted it to be. But when judges confront a religious system they despise, such as Roman Catholicism, then totally different standards apply. To quote that legendary jurist, Mr. Justice Humpty Dumpty, "When I use a word, it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less."

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America in Europe, Europe in America

A Shared Disease

by Claude Polin

What the Europeans call *America*—that is, Canada and the United States—was fostered by what we usually refer to as *Europe*. If men and women had not left the Old World, there would not be any New World as we know it. Hence, any investigation into the relationship between Europe and America must begin with an investigation into the nature of Europe itself. Only then can we ponder the extent to which the child has been faithful—or unfaithful—to the mother or speculate about the countereffect of the creation on its creator.

I could argue that *Europe* is nothing but a word, an easy way to refer to a vague and rather fluctuant geographical area—the westernmost part of the Asian continent—in which, over the course of many centuries, the lives of a rather imposing number of men have been more closely intertwined than in other parts of the world, an area where the intensity of interactions has been particularly high, but an area which has never been able to achieve a real, lasting entity.

There is no material proof for the existence of an easily recognizable being called *Europe*: no definite borders, no common language, no structural body of similar political behavior, no economic unity, no uniform pecuniary or dietary habits, clothing, styles, manners, and so forth. From an empirical point of view, Europe must be recognized as something made up of such irreducibly diversified parts that there is no way to sum them up.

Nevertheless, Europe can be construed as an entity of its own, provided you look not at the different ways a principle may be applied but at the principle itself. You will never find Europe if you limit your observation to the manifestations, which are quite varied indeed, of the "spirit of Europe." You will, however, find them very European, and what Europe is will appear very clearly indeed, if you start looking for a common inspiration, something beyond the empirical evidence, but without which there is really no evidence. Siblings are different individuals—very often extremely different—but it takes a very rare difference between them to obliterate their *air de famille*. If you look for a reality that you can call *Europe*, you should look for something that is a spiritual reality, for Europe is nothing but a spirit and was indeed born as a spiritual principle. Disregard the soul, and the body is but the sum of members that tend to be disjointed, having lost their common purpose. Europe is everything upon which a certain soul stamped its unique mark.

To look for the true soul of Europe, we must bypass modern times: Even though the numerous failures at making Europe a going concern may seem today on the verge of being overcome, we are not observing the birth of a living creature but the clumsy making of a mechanical puppet that is, to a true Europe, what the Terminator is to a warrior. The spirit of Europe is long gone, and we are left with a marionette controlled by more or less hidden puppeteers.

There was, however, and maybe still could be, though hidden within the deep recesses of the public mind, a spirit of Europe that resembles an invisible thread binding the actions of millions of men together over the centuries. It inspires them with a similar and common yearning for the same goals, respect for the same values, admiration for the same ideals that they may disregard because of their private vices but can never forfeit in their hearts, as though against their own will. By and by, from the time of Plato until the French Revolution, there were men living in roughly the same area of the planet for whom the same things were ugly or beautiful, true or false, natural or unnatural, even though it never prevented numbers of them from preferring the negative values to the positive ones, while the different peoples translated the good norms into their own language, adapting them to their own customs and traditions.

How was this spirit born? Where did it originate? The same question applies to any man, and the same answer obtains: A child has parents but is more than the sum of their characteristics. One minute, there are only his parents; the next, he is. He exists as an entirely new being. In a similar manner, the spirit of Europe, one day, was born.

Is it not outrageously ambitious to try to define such an extraordinary thing as this generating principle of Europe?

To answer, we must acknowledge what is blatantly evident. What is—what purports to be—philosophy, since the time of Socrates, if not indeed an inquiry into the nature of things in general and man in particular (*Connais-toi toi-même*)? And how can the philosophical system, all the ideas derived from this basic questioning, be anything but descriptive of a certain type of mind that happens to be Greek at its origin? How can it be anything but a summary of what the Greeks believed, felt, loved, hated, and, generally speaking, considered the true norms a man had to live up to? We can trace the influence of Greek thinking all the way to yesterday, relayed, of course, by the Romans and the Christians, which is to say by men deeply respectful of a culture that they considered not only as their ancestor but their mentor.

The spirit of Europe, then, is a religious and/or philosophical one (which may have occurred elsewhere), stemming from a set of principles which I dare think unique (and never born anywhere else). In a nutshell, that spirit was born when, seeking, as most men do, an explanation for the universe in general and mankind in particular, it laid as a foundation for that explanation these two closely related ideas: first, that the universe in

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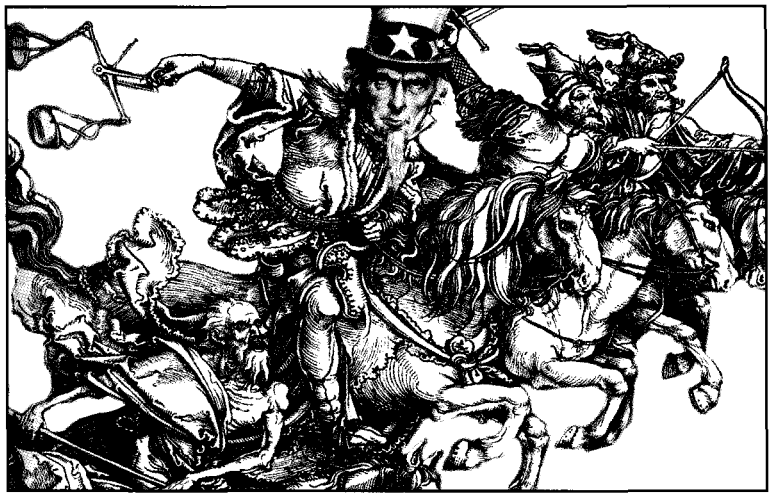
its entirety existed not only (and, I daresay, primarily) because someone or something was the cause of it but because that someone or something either was reasonable or was reason itself (*l*ogos) and because it was impossible for the *l*ogos itself not to exist. From the outset, the world—and man—was not the product of some mysterious and therefore frightening force but was potentially if not actually intelligible by man. Hence the predominant role of religion and philosophy: What you believe in is something accessible to the human mind. Contrary to what moderns like to think, religion and philosophy were therefore not born out of fear but out of admiration, and here is the second governing principle of the European tradition: Man need not be subjected to blind fear, or stupid custom, or mindless instinct but to reason. Man was endowed with the ability to participate in the order of the universe; his reason was part of *the* Reason. Having this ability meant having to use it: Life had a purpose, and a natural one. The goal was both exterior to man, since he had to take part in something he did not create, and deeply interior, because, by complying with nature, he was to fulfil at the same time his own nature. What can be more natural, if something appears reasonable, than to yield to reason? What is more natural, if you deem something right, than to do what you think is right? If you are a cobbler and believe it was ordained that you should make shoes, what is more natural than to be a good cobbler? Hence the third basic principle of the classical European mind: Since everything has a reason for existence, everything should be perfect. Since this world obviously is not perfect, evil must originate not from within its fabric (as in Manichaeism) but from the only part of the world that seems to be endowed with some sort of ability to disturb its harmony: man himself. Thus, the spirit of classical Europe is infused with the urgency of inner spiritual reform.

The classical European soul is made up of faith, intelligence, and will: *faith* as confidence in things as they are, as knowledge that man's life is neither meaningless nor arbitrary; *intelligence* as a means not to transform the world but to understand how to integrate it, how to differentiate between what is and what is not natural; and *will* as a requirement for bettering oneself, fighting what can be perceived as bad in oneself.

These ideal principles may have been, more often than not, betrayed. They are, nonetheless, the very root not only of the political and social but of the spiritual, moral, and cultural structure of classical societies. European history is but the struggle of its spirit to enthuse the often reluctant mentalities of the Europeans to be. Without the certitude that man has a calling to take part in an eternal and universal order to which he is no stranger, which welcomes him, there would not be any citizenship of the kind known in the Greek city, no friendship between citizens. Neither would there be any such institution as the corporation, transmitting workmanship and dispensing moral as well as technical education. Without the certitude that there is some kinship between man and the Eternal, there can be no Church—and that means no spiritual power and, therefore, no deeply legitimate temporal power, no real authority but mere brute force, no checks on power except those exercised by another one, but also no education, no benevolent medical care, nor registration of citizens. In a word, society might be some kind of machinery, a set of mechanisms, but not an organized, naturally coordinated, living being.

Those principles underlie some crucial traits of the European mind: perception of the divinity as a benevolent model; intellectual curiosity and thirst for knowledge; propensity for personal responsibility and self-reliance; acknowledgement of the dignity of every human being, especially respect for women; hatred of tyranny and arbitrary power; and so forth. Without reference to those inner precepts, we cannot perceive the enthusiasm, the self-sacrifice, the loyalty, the decency, the courage, the thoughtfulness, the passion for the spiritual, the joy of living, the chivalry that have so strenuously been obscured by the savagery of passions, the roughness of habits, the disorders of private ambitions, the passivity in the face of natural disasters—all things that modern historians like so much to be the rules of the game before the Enlightenment came to free them from their duties and teach them their rights so that they would, at least, become more civilized, fraternal, nature-loving, and, most of all, peaceful (as history has proved they have become).



H. Ward Stereft

In any case, come 1793, the glory of Europe was extinguished forever.

This is not, of course, what people thought—neither at the time the earth started to shake nor by the time they were leveling the ground for the decisive upheaval: The Renaissance claimed to give an opportunity to Europe to be born again, which means to become entirely different and actually the opposite of what it was.

Oozing from the hidden depths of several centuries, gathering strength from the 13th to the 16th century, a tidal wave developed, swelling high enough to sweep over the entire European landscape. As it washed ashore, people reacted in two connected but radically opposite ways. Although both had the same *genitor*, they clashed and started to drift apart right from the start. Even though the original rift was clearly visible, it took time for the twin siblings to realize their difference. After all, they shared the same loathing for Old Europe. Neither wanted to hear any more about a natural order of things, about the very idea that there are things that are natural and other things that are not. And they loathed still more the claim that some men could be the heirs of the old European religion. To both of them, whether considered in Himself or in the shape He chose to appear to human eyes, or again as revealed by His authorized interpreters, God was no longer a day-to-day guide, endowed with the authority to proclaim and teach what is natural and what is not. Both twins were very much indeed opposed to Rome.

The same dogma, however, had two very different origins, logically related, but as the two sides of the same coin are re-

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lated. A shared feeling is not enough to make identical twins: The New World is an ocean apart from the new Old World.

On one hand, there were people who applauded the death of God or, rather, the clearing away of what was to them a fog concealing nothing but a void. They conceived of religious or philosophical notions, like that of a natural order of things, as a prison contrived to force people into accepting their submission as tools of some masters, preventing them from putting their gifts to their own use. Actually, this well-known slogan was only the product of a much more momentous notion, born out of an understandable, if not excusable, more or less conscious reasoning, dating back almost to the birth of classical theology and/or philosophy. If, indeed, the universe was to be considered a perfection, nothing that is part of it (nothing created by God) can really be the cause of evil. (God is not responsible, Plato already used to say.) The good news had to be taken literally: Nothing can go wrong with what God does or ever did. Therefore, evil can only come from "outside," which is an idea that obtains both for the universe in general and for man in particular. Hence the logical conclusion, and clearly a very tempting one as far as men are concerned: The only evil among men exists because some of them are evil; eradicate them, and mankind is safe and saved. It is one and the same thing to externalize sin—to exonerate oneself—and to need to discover the guilty ones.

In other words, Marxism is but a side effect of a theological misconception—unfortunately, a tempting and an absolutely devastating one. Sin lies not with any man as a free being but simply in the hearts of some on them. And, since *sin* is but a word, the idea no longer stands as a heresy but as a very obvious truth: I am no sinner; my nature is good; all I have to do is enjoy it. Hence the momentous conclusion: Since I can rest perfectly content with what I am, any complaint that I may have must be directed either to or against my environment, which is made of two things: nature and my fellow man.

Henceforth pragmatic science and politics will go hand in hand as the only tools I need to be able to enjoy myself, but with a special qualification regarding their use: Any activity directed to those two goals is essentially born out of a momentary necessity, the true goal being to enjoy myself without any constraint, which means without having to do anything. From now on, I will have rights but no duties.

Thus, some men will be in charge of taming Dame Nature and subjugating her so that everybody can enjoy continual leisure. As for the relationships that should exist between "*les hommes de bonne volonté*," they should either be of pure enjoyment, in a hedonistic atmosphere of continual *fiesta*, or of sheer stern terror against the evil ones, who anyway hardly deserve to live at all and should probably be disposed of or, at the very least, put aside, to let true men have their way. Terrorism and hedonistic humanitarianism are two sides of the same coin.

This is obviously the path that, since the turn of the 18th century, the new Old Europe has chosen to follow. Socialist Europe is the heretical and perverted—but natural—heir of Christian Europe. The revolt against Christianity wills itself to be the true accomplishment of Christianity.

Modernity, however, has another face, a pessimistic one. The new understanding of the good news could induce some people, after the manner of Rabelais, to enjoy life without restraint and without worrying too much about God, because He had made everything so perfect that there was no longer a need for Him. It was therefore logical that some would deem it necessary to restore a sense of sin, to stress how sinful men were. In the end, however, this endeavor amounted to declaring men so sinful that there could be no communication with God: Man was left all by himself.

At that stage, the attitude of the faithful is open to two sharply contrasting interpretations. One can see it as a way of rejecting religion altogether. Since mankind is doomed to live in a godless world, what difference does it make to lead this life according to purely human standards? And then it would seem as if the difference was negligible between those men doomed by the consciousness of their sin to live as if there were no God and those men denying their sinfulness who embarked on a consciously godless way of life.

The apparent similarity, which is striking, is nevertheless misleading. This is no moot point, because it is precisely the one at which the New World and the new Old World start to drift apart.

Even though, in both cases, men no longer seem concerned with their temporal lives, it obviously makes a great deal of difference whether they act with taste and gusto for their lives or with a sort of desperation that there is nowhere else to go. It is possible to devote oneself to the temporal world because it is the only one that counts, or because it is all the world that is left, which is the opposite of the first attitude. In one case, you deal with atheists pure and simple; in the other, you can observe people seemingly devoted to their temporal life but who actually could not immerse themselves so deeply in the temporal world if they did not find it difficult to live without God in the first place. In one case, you have people deeply in love with what they are—totally pleased with themselves—who basically consider any constraint imposed on them as unfair and unjust, and who have no real interest but pleasure. In the other case, you deal with people who are basically anxious about themselves, their lives, the whole world, about what they are, and who try to be something, since they do not derive any sense of reality from the One Who gives reality to everything, including man. These are people who need things to do, whatever they are, just to prove by doing them that they have at least some kind of reality—that of the object, whatever it is, that they produce. The United States of America was not born out of some pursuit of happiness but out of anxiety, anguish.

That is not to say, however, that either spirit is viable—though they are not for very different reasons.

The new Old World seems to be driven by a passion for well-being, pleasure, and all the possible comforts of life, and, to a certain extent, by an interest in control over nature, but only as a means to happiness. What it seems to neglect is the amount of energy, work, inventiveness, knowledge, and devotion it would take to achieve that happiness, all the more as it is definitely vague.

The new Old World therefore seems bent on running head on into an unbreakable wall: *As soon as I realize that I work only not to work, why work?* Notwithstanding the notable efforts of a few people, the new Old World is a world-class breeding ground for parasites. It is extremely naive to think that people, just because they are in need, are indefinitely driven to avail themselves of the means to fulfil that need. They *dream*, of course, of opulence, but it takes another incentive than pure need to achieve it. Men find it easier to become accustomed to a certain level of wealth or deprivation than to aim at overcom-

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ing any possible want, especially if given a chance to loot.

The signs are there for everyone to see, illuminating what people are longing for: a world in which one would have no pain other than to agree to be born, as Beaumarchais put it in other circumstances; a cartoon life, a spurious life, a life in which no one would have to think, a consciously unconscious life that spares you the labor of reflection; a life in which you can blend effortlessly with the environment, in which you hardly becomes aware of yourself as separate from your environment, because being separate means having to strive to adapt to it; a life in an unrealistic and magical world, devoted to drugs and T.V. Unless it were a life in which all wishes would be fulfilled just because no one would have to see something others have but he does not—a gray and totally uniform society such as the communist society. Or, possibly, a life of petty thievery, of picking up whatever happens by and pleases you, without fear of punishment or even blame. A life without hope but without despair, a more and more animal life.

The present and the future of the New World must, I think, be painted in very different colors.

It is not that, within this world, any similar trends are totally improbable, but, they are similar only on the surface. If I am right that the spirit of the New World is, at its root, anxiety about oneself, suppressed and more or less unconscious nostalgia for a meaningful world, the natural goal is to find a way to be satisfied with oneself (which is just the opposite of the Old World attitude). If, in both cases, it seems the final aim is peace, in one case, that peace means the discovery of a magical world in which you feel completely at ease; in the other case, it means—by entering your own self and closing the door—the discovery of a self-fulfilling self, a self who does not raise any doubts about himself, and who then is not bent on asking much of the outside world, mingling easily with it precisely because he does not try to tamper with it, a self-contained self, joyously but not anxiously looking at himself. We can easily observe in the contemporary culture of the New World numerous examples of this self-centered, narcissistic attitude.

We could also discern the lure of the European model—but as a temptation basically alien to the New World spirit—in the birth of the self-denominated communitarians. A few years ago, some kind of controversy seems to have raged between this self-proclaimed school of thought and that of the "libertarians." Reading Murray Rothbard, I had a very good idea of what the libertarians were: the last true incarnation of the spirit of the New World, in its rudest but most meaningful guise, meaning each man for himself, but, *please, God that doesn't exist, let each man do something for himself.* The communitarians were more difficult to debunk. (For some reason, they like to hide their faces.) It took me some time to realize that they were not communitarians, because they were not really intent on falling back into some kind of Aristotelian mold, looking forward to the rebirth of some kind of true revived city. Community meant for them the sheer solidarity that is the password of the new Old World, which is to say they represent only a beachhead for the invasion of the New World by the musty ghost that acts nowadays as the spirit of the decaying new Old World, the social-democratic mentality.

It is much more spontaneously natural, however, to try to soothe the basic anxiety about yourself by achieving, by showing others—but first of all yourself—that you are at least what you do: *J'agis, donc je suis.* (I act, therefore I am.) But there, precisely, is the rub, very different from the one suffered by the Old World.

What it all boils down to is the fact that the individual wants somehow to prove he has to be reckoned with. This means he is seeking the most unquestionable, objective proof he can find of his own worth. He may prove himself in his own eyes, but—since he doubts himself in the first place—this is hardly satisfactory. So he naturally turns to others and seeks recognition from them: To be admired, envied, seems more substantial a proof than feeling a solitary satisfaction. At second sight, however, what is the real value of public opinion, if it is made up of people who do not feel safer in their hearts than the individual himself? Sooner or later, therefore, such people will be tempted to formulate some sort of universal cause to which they could devote themselves and from which they could draw some objective justification for their existence—something like a mission to mankind, a role of path-finding for mankind, a teaching that would be valid for all of mankind. I insist on this qualification: It has to be universal. Otherwise, it would defeat its purpose.

Now we can see the rub. Can this universality be somehow invented? There used to be one indeed, the one classical Europe believed in, but the reason to look for a new one now is precisely because the old one has been rejected. So this new one has to be found, which means *invented.* By definition, however, either a true universal is given, or it is a sham.

The Old World, I think, is doomed to shrivel like a desiccated corpse, for parasites do not survive if there is no living organism on which to prey. There will be some islands of resistance, because life will be so unpleasant that its inhabitants will be tempted, like the Greek colonists, to emigrate to safer shores. On the whole, however, the common man will be both envious and resentful toward the New World, which he will perceive as the paradise he longs for but knows within his heart to be beyond his weakening reach. The new Old Europe has but one choice: to find a painless way to descend into eternal oblivion or hate and try to destroy what it cannot have—that is to say, to board the ship to nihilism.

It is not entirely impossible that the spirit of the New World will yield to the lure of European decay and that the social-democratic mentality will breech the stronghold of economic conservatism and big business, though I still think that this mentality is too repulsive to the spirit of the New World to carry the day in the very near future.

Therefore, the New World is doomed to cast itself into the role of a new savior, a new prophet; that, however, can only be spurious, since it is cast in the semblance of the true Savior but carved as one that should replace its model. How can one hope to achieve this purpose if not by force? Intent on playing the redeemer, the New World must view Europe either as a sort of vestige of an antiquated past, possibly a charming one, possessing the intriguing charm of primitive ruins or the quaint attraction of dead customs, or as the domain of annoyingly backward savages who, basking in their arrogant laziness, have to be taught better manners.

There is, of course, a way at least to delay the apocalypse of the West. It is to make the two spirits that now reign over the Western world realize they have committed a fateful parricide, confess their sin, and make penitence in a renewed adoration of their common ancestor, the Mediterranean soul of Old Europe. That looks very much like a conversion, however, and that would require some miraculous grace. ◁

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Europe and America

Identity of Decrepitude

by Srdja Trifkovic

Studies have established that identical twins separated at birth exhibit very similar physical, psychological, and biochemical traits, regardless of the environment in which they grow up. They will have similar voices, gestures, tastes, incomes, professions, wives—and similar diseases. A twin adopted by an Italian firefighter from New Jersey and his brother reared by a Jewish plastic surgeon in Los Angeles are likely to die within a couple of years of each other, and of similar causes.

It is in disease and looming death that Europe (as we know it) and America (as we know her) most tellingly certify that they, too, share the same chromosomes, that they belong to one culture and constitute one civilization. The same traits of terminal decrepitude are present in Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Scandinavia, Canada, and the United States, including both the primary cause—which is the loss of religious faith—and a number of secondary ones. These include their ruling elites' hostility toward all forms of solidarity or coherence of the majority population based on common ancestry and traditional culture; the loss of a sense of place and history; rapid demographic decline—probably irreversible and unparalleled in history—that goes hand in hand with rampant Third World immigration; the collapse of private and public manners and morals; the imposition of "diversity," "multiculturalism," and "sensitivity" by despotic means; and the demonization and criminalization of any opposition to any of the above.

Dechristianization is surely the key. The loss of any meaningful religious impulse started with the Renaissance, made a quantum leap in the Enlightenment, and was well-nigh complete when the guns fell silent in the West in 1918. The result is that, in today's Britain, France, Belgium, and Germany, more people pray in mosques on Fridays than in churches on Sundays. Over two thirds of Americans still define themselves as "Christian," but unbelief and unconventional sects that are "Christian" in name only are on the rise, while canonical denominations are steadily declining. The number of Americans who have no religion of any kind doubled in the last decade to 30 million, and they dominate the academy, the media, the entertainment industry, "the arts," business, and politics.

Dechristianization creates unhappy, neurotic, and addictive people. It makes most Europeans and their overseas descendents quietly miserable, prone to every excess and self-abuse that resolves nothing and demands nothing except more of the same. It produces the "Stockholm Syndrome" among some who are thirsting for meaning and who are doomed to live in enclaves engulfed by the immigrant deluge. The fact that increasing numbers of young Europeans are converting to Islam—joining an alien and hostile ghetto within the country of their birth—is not surprising. Estranged from their parents, ignorant of their culture, ashamed of their history, those youngsters are making a logical step on the path of alienation that alternatively leads to madness, drugs, or suicide.

The loss of a sense of place and history experienced by millions of Westerners—whether they are aware of it or not—is the result of the emergence of a transnational hyperstate in Europe and the quest for uninhibited global dominance by the globalist-Democrat and neoconservative-Republican duopoly in the United States. These mind-sets, seemingly at odds, are but two aspects of the same emerging global empire: European One-World Social Democrats and American "benevolent global hegemonists" are also closely related, if not identical.

The former advocate "multilateralism" in the form of an emerging "international community" controlled by the United Nations and adjudicated by the International Criminal Court (ICC). As an interim step, they favor the transfer of sovereign prerogatives to regional groupings exemplified by the European Union. In contrast, the neoconservative urge for uninhibited physical control of other lands and peoples resembles the New European Order of six decades ago and the "Socialist Community" that succeeded it in Eastern Europe. Both multilateralists in Europe and neocons in Washington share the same distaste for traditional societies and cultures. Echoing the revolutionary dynamism and the historicist messianism common to fascists and communists, Michael Ledeen says that "creative destruction" is America's eternal mission and the reason America's "enemies" hate her: "They must attack us in order to survive, just as we must destroy them to advance our historic mission." The proponents of this view have staunch allies in Europe's neo-Marxists. They share the goal of protecting the stability of a universal institutional framework; they only disagree about the ways and means of doing so.

Following the fall of the Berlin Wall in 1989, the outlook seemed pretty grim for the left, but the end of the Cold War has cleared the way for the rise of a new global empire and the realization that new possibilities are available to the revolutionaries who want to move beyond the Gramscian "long march." In the apparent defeat of revolutionary struggle—epitomized by the triumph of liberal capitalism over bolshevism—they have found the seeds of future victory for their neo-Marxist paradigm, which global empire makes possible by eradicating traditional structures capable of resistance.

Global empire is an ally of the revolution desired by neo-Marxists not only because it destroys the remnants of the old order, as Ledeen gloats, but because it contains the germ of another form of globalization: the counterempire that will be made possible by demographic change within the West. Edward Gibbon could have been discussing today's Marseilles or

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Los Angeles when he wrote of the inhabitants of late imperial Rome sinking "into a vile and wretched populace, which must, in a few generations, have been totally extinguished, if it had not been constantly recruited by the manumission of slaves and the influx of strangers."

The revolutionary character of the project of global empire is revealed in the mantra of "Race, Gender, and Sexuality," now elevated to the status of the postmodern philosopher's stone. "Race, Gender, and Sexuality" are the Force that moves the linear historical process forward, toward the grand *Gleichschaltung* of all nations, races, and cultures that will mark the end of history. "Race, Gender, and Sexuality" have replaced the proletariat as both the oppressed underclass (hence the cult of nonwhite, nonmale, nonheterosexual victimhood) and as the historically preordained agent of revolutionary change.

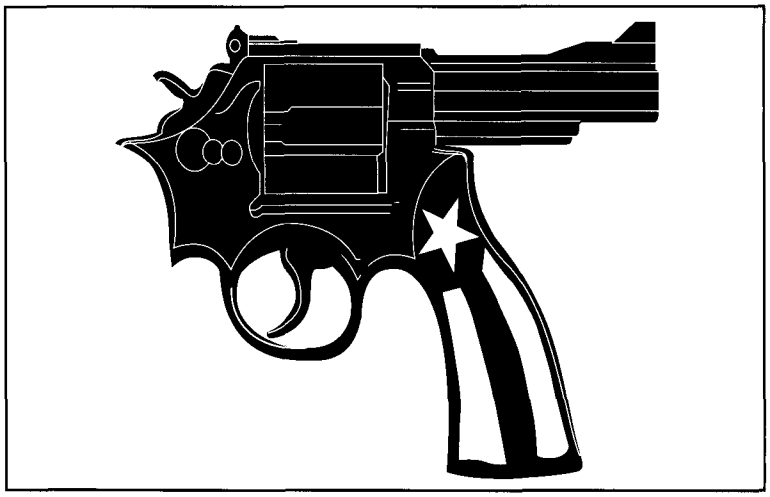
The Worker in the heyday of Soviet socialist realism was white, muscular, blonde, unmistakably "straight," and often accompanied by the equally Aryan-looking she-peasant. (A superb specimen can still be seen at the entrance of Moscow's Pavilion of Science and Industry.) Such images have no place in the new pantheon that was initially dominated by Mao, Che, and Ho, followed by Nelson Mandela, Mother Teresa, and "Princess Di" (an honorary nonwhite *par excellence*), and now by assorted gangsta rappers, drag queens and nonhuman cult figures. The negative, bourgeois-capitalist stereotypes of yore (top hats, cigars, tuxedos, dollar-sign cuff links) have likewise been replaced by the universal Dead White Male (or by any non-self-hating European, of whatever sex, age, or class, who is still alive).

Classical Marxism found the dynamics of revolution in the inevitable conflict between the owners of the means of production and the proletariat that has nothing to sell but its labor and nothing to lose but its chains. The system was self-referential and, therefore, fatally flawed, but, in the late 19th century, it seemed to possess a degree of quasiscientific neatness. Latterday Marxist revolutionaries go beyond any recognizable variety of dialectical materialism, however, by introducing a wholly metaphysical concept of victimhood and an array of associated special-rights claims. Those claims are invariably based on the alleged victim's "otherness" *vis-à-vis* the white European (American, Australian, not to mention South African) oppressor.

As for demography, the grim statistics are familiar to the curious: Europe is dying. North American Europeans are reproducing below replacement levels and, within a decade, will start the precipitous decline that has already taken place in Europe. "Child-free" is used as a legitimate lifestyle term among American yuppies, on par with "fat-free" and "drug-free." At the same time, the share of the world population of the misnamed "developing countries" will exceed 90 percent by the middle of this century.

If these trends continue, within a century, there will be no "Europeans" as we know them, in the Old World or New—members of coherent, well-defined groups that share the same language, culture, history, and ancestors and inhabit defined territories as compact majorities. While the threat of extinction of an exotic tribal group in Borneo or Amazonia—let alone a species of owl or whale—would cause alarm and prompt activism among the ruling elites, those same elites regard any mention that Europeans are now, literally, an endangered species as inherently racist. Each ethnic and racial group is a treasure to humanity, save the Europeans and their overseas descendants.

In the process of Euro-annihilation, immigration is an essential tool of revolutionary change. By allowing a vast subculture of often-hostile immigrants to emerge within their societies, the dominant elites in all Western nations have permitted the emergence of an alternative social and political structure, of which Islamic terrorism is but one consequence. By seeking to appease present and future newcomers by granting them special privileges in the name of diversity, the host countries only whet these aliens' appetites for more concessions from the aging baby boomers ever more dependent on imported labor to keep them fed, clothed, washed, and medicated.



H. Ward Sterett and Melanie Anderson

The masterminds of this crime have made a colossal miscalculation. They still do not realize that the unassimilated and unassimilable multitudes do not want to be the tools of their *Wille zur Macht*. Immigrants have their own instinctive scenario. That scenario has a Turkish rendering in Germany, Arabic in France, subcontinental in Britain, Oriental in Australia, and Amerindian in the United States. In all cases, the newcomers share the same contempt for what they perceive as a supine, degenerate host society. In all cases, the majority of the native-born population opposes immigration, but the ruling elite regards the view of the majority as illegitimate and, therefore, undemocratic. *Democracy*, of course, denotes the desirable social and political content of imposed, ostensibly popular decisions. The outcome—a multiracial society—is preordained; only the process of reaching it is "democratic."

Anything likely to disrupt it, or any questioning of its assumptions, is *a priori* criminal. Hence the hysterical insistence, on both sides of the Atlantic, that the deluge is really a blessing that enriches an otherwise bland and culturally deprived host society. The notion of assimilation has been abandoned. ("*Para servicio en Español, oprima el dos.*") Vast tracts of Berlin have been turned into Anatolia; vast tracts of Chicago have been turned into Tijuana. The masterminds—in Europe and America alike—have yet to learn, however, that these people will not be their pliant tools of revolutionary change. They do not want to disappear into a postnational Utopia, especially not now that they sense that they can supplant the enfeebled natives and take over this candy store with a busted lock.

In both America and Europe, multiculturalism has ensured that Western nations have lost the capacity to define and defend themselves *vis-à-vis* others, just as, on both sides of the ocean, most Third World immigrants demonstrably have no sense of kinship with their host societies. And they have no desire to establish any such kinship—except to partake in their

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wealth, know their women, and eventually take over their lands—and they nurture a healthy contempt for a society willing to grant them every indulgence without a fight.

Muslims, in particular—their utter disdain for the secular-democratic institutions of their host countries notwithstanding—will gladly invoke those institutions when they clamor for their "rights," including the "right" of Algerian girls to have their heads covered in French state schools or the "right" of a Muslim child not to face the effrontery of a cross on the wall of an Italian classroom. Like their Bolshevik predecessors, they demand democratic privileges to organize and propagate their views while knowing that—given the power to do so—they would impose their own beliefs and customs and eliminate all others, on pain of death.

The population explosion and utter dysfunctionality of most Third World societies, coupled with the spiritual enfeeblement and demographic collapse of Europeans old and new, has produced predictable results: a shared death wish. In all creation, disease and frailty invite predators, as witnessed in the scene of Madame Hortense's death in *Zorba the Greek*. Both the loss of the will to define and defend one's native soil and the loss of the desire to procreate send an alluring signal to the teeming *favellas* and *kazbahs*: Come, for no Western nation has the guts to shed blood—alien or its own—in the name of its own survival. As Jean Raspail writes in the Afterword to his seminal *Camp of Saints*, "the proliferation of other races dooms our race, my race, irretrievably to extinction in the century to come, if we hold fast to our present moral principles . . . because they are weapons of self-annihilation." Those "moral principles" produce utopianism—the yearning for a God-like absolute freedom that cannot stop short of the freedom to choose death over life—or nihilism, which is the same thing. Short of a miraculous last-minute recovery, the choice of death will become irreversible within decades.

Are Europeans doomed? Can a gigantic reversal happen? A Christian would say that a miracle can and—God willing—will happen. To a political scientist, the model of recovery requires a catastrophic event—specifically, a colossal, rapidly spreading global economic crisis. The meltdown would have to be rapid and so comprehensive as to include the collapse of confidence in the ability of governments to offer relief. A breakdown of the "global economy" would force millions of people to reexamine their lives and their assumptions. Becoming painfully disillusioned of *progress*, they would rediscover the value and force of *tradition*. The ensuing brutal struggle for diminishing resources would make them drop the neurotic *becoming* in favor of just *being*, or surviving. A global economic collapse would reaffirm the values of historical man in the teeth of his progressivist reduction to technology and intellect.

In the aftermath of economic collapse, children would no longer be seen as an economic burden and a financial liability. They would regain their traditional value as economic assets and a substitute for nonexistent Social Security and pension systems. The family would reemerge as the essential social unit. Amidst collapsing political structures, all ideological "propositions" would be recognized as empty abstracts. Communities linked to their native soil and bonded by kinship, memory, language, faith, and myth would be revived, and hostile alien ghettos would be expelled. And, in adversity, the eyes of men would be lifted, once again, to Heaven.

The alternative is the end of the world as we know it—the one that is worth living in.

New Age Lost

(Recalled on the Eve of the Annunciation)

by Andrew Huntley

Could she have helped, being so beautiful?
She vanquished every eye where'er she walked:
Men shone, but as to subject suns she talked,
While women (to a mistress, dutiful)
Took every little gesture for a rule.
Her beauty reigned; but, mark her, she was marked:
A vessel vanishing if love embarked—
A gift, withdrawing, then impassible.
One summer's spring she gave her lovely day.
I've nothing new will gild our travesty:
Sweet-scented-smooth-seducing-sexual—
We were earth's best! . . . O, poet, we were clay
In lust, and planting lust's antipathy—
Still rooted in my soul, une fleur du mal.

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Dreams of Old Places

A Personal Essay

by Anthony Bukoski

St. Adalbert's School, 1916.

Wisconsin Highways 2 and 53 converge in the uplands east of Superior. From here, you see Duluth climb a hillside of 1.1-billion-year-old rock that geologists call "the Duluth Gabbro Complex." Nearer still, Superior, Wisconsin, my hometown, sprawls back from Lake Superior, the Great Sweetwater Sea, as though, like the author of this reminiscence, unsure of who it is. With the way things are going in Superior, who wouldn't be confused? Churches have closed, destroying ethnic parishes. The makeup of old neighborhoods has changed. Long-established businesses have shut down.

Moreover, we cannot shake the reputation of having the highest rate of alcohol consumption *per capita* in the country. According to a story in the *Duluth News Tribune*, we also have "the oldest housing stock in the state . . . 11th oldest in the nation. About 54 percent of homes in the city were built before 1940. . . . Before 1995, Superior didn't have an inspector assigned to enforce more than 60 ordinances related to housing, health, zoning and property maintenance." During some months, we receive 14 percent of the available sunlight.

Adding to our woes, Central High School, where President Calvin Coolidge had his Summer White House in 1928, will soon be razed. Atop a column on the school's front lawn, which faces one of Superior's busiest streets, a bust of railway builder James J. Hill had stood for 77 years. Whether he was a great man or a scoundrel, what has happened to him is a shame. His statue now graces the side entrance of the Burlington-Northern Santa Fe Railroad's yard office south of Tower Avenue. Where before he had a school rising behind him on whose summer lawns a laconic New Hampshire fisherman once practiced fly casting, now, for a backdrop, "The Empire Builder" has a railroad yard through which trains haul low-sulphur coal to the waterfront. The statue has suffered another indignity: Someone has gouged out the commemorative plaque.

Regarding change, now the railroad has mechanized operations. When you cross tracks in certain parts of Superior, signs warn:

ATTENTION
Remote control locomotives operate in this area.
Locomotive cabs may be unoccupied.

Ore docks have been torn down. The King Midas Flour Mill long ago stopped milling wheat. Barko Hydraulics has laid off workers. Last year, a major employer, a food distributorship, went out of business. Were it not for the oil refinery, the state college, the shipyard, coal and grain docks, and what remains of the railroad, we would have lost our economic lifeblood.

Superior's character evolved over a century and a half when places in our community—say, the Summer White House at Central High School; ethnic churches such as St. Adalbert, St. Stanislaus, or SS. Cyril and Methodius; or businesses such as Tony's Cabaret on North Third Street, Roth's Department Store on Tower Avenue, or the East End Drugstore in my neighborhood—were imbued with meaning by people walking or driving past them, working or praying in them, patronizing them, celebrating in them. Now, in place of the Summer White House, we will probably have a convenience store and gas station or a Cash 'n Go check-cashing business. Anything to speed up life. Already, in place of the ethnic churches (St. Louis and St. Patrick have also closed), we have what I call "hub churches" spread about Superior at convenient "hub" locations. (From nine Catholic churches, we are down to three plus the Cathedral of Christ the King.) Now, in place of businesses I remember from youth—the East End Drugstore,

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Kresge's, Woolworth's, the Palace and Beacon Theaters (the latter advertising itself as "home-owned")—we have what most cities have: A multiplex cinema, a Wal-Mart, Kmart, Target.

Curiously, water almost saved us. Had it kept us from development, we would have remained run-down and economically depressed; to my way of thinking, however, we would be less depressed in another way for having escaped the onslaught of warehouse-style stores, "big-box" retailers, that makes a part of Superior, population 27,368, look like every other small city in America.

My hometown has as much land within its boundaries— 45 square miles—as Milwaukee. We are built on low, flat, wet clay soil. The clay, the wetlands, contains water so ancient it is almost holy. Water neither drains from the flat surface nor seeps through the clay. A biologist, aptly named Mr. Reed, who had traveled here from Madison to write "a management plan that protects the best of Superior's wetlands yet leaves room for development," told the *Duluth News Tribune* that "[s]ome of the water down in this soil moves so slow [*sic*], it could be 8,000 years old—give or take a week."

The importance of wetlands in supporting plant, bird, and animal life and in purifying water had grown increasingly evident when Wal-Mart planned to build here around the time Mr. Reed came north. Meeting resistance from the Department of Natural Resources, from citizens interested in protecting the natural landscape, and from others desirous of keeping Superior from becoming Eau Claire or Racine, Wal-Mart nearly withdrew from negotiating for land until political and business interests proposed a wetlands-mitigation program wherein county land out by Ray's EZ Bar east of here would be designated as wetlands in exchange for the meadows Wal-Mart wanted in town. Now, in a corridor along Tower Avenue, we have the aforementioned stores plus a Menards—even, for a short while, an Office Depot, which, when it closed, left a parking lot and a large, white, ugly box store standing vacant until, last year, a Dollar Days store opened in the space.

We are so awash in change that I am unsure where I am. Is this Beloit? Kenosha? At Wal-Mart—one of two stores that sell typewriter ribbons; I go there if Tri-State Business Systems has closed for the day or the weekend—I see shoppers zip happily about. In 15 years, I have entered Superior's Kmart eight times, six of those not to buy anything in the store that made "the Blue Light Special" famous, but to check my blood pressure, which is high partly because of the way things are going here. Twice, I have been in Target. I eschew malls altogether. Good Superiorites, the Wal-Mart, Kmart, and Target shoppers appear content. Still, in their introspective moments, they must hunger for something more meaningful than a trip to these stores or to the Mariner Mall, hunger for a neighborhood of old monuments. *I* long for this neighborhood. Knowing it makes me unsure, in days of remote-controlled locomotives, plant closings, and big-box stores, of what town I've lived in all these years.

When asked years ago where a person was from in Superior, he responded, not without pride, "Itasca," "Allouez," "Billings Park," "South Superior." If you lived by the cement plant and old gasworks on the waterfront, you were from the "Gas Plant" neighborhood. A little north or east of there, you lived in the "North End"; possibly your father worked in the shipyards, at the grain elevators, or as a longshoreman on the waterfront. Ethnic enclaves and churches for Belgians, for French and Indians, for Slovaks, for Poles: these, together with geographical and industrial features, distinguished neighborhoods.

The King Midas Flour Mills, Superior, Wisconsin.

Born a loyal son of Superior nearly 60 years ago, I have spent most of my life in the East End. So, too, did my Polish émigré grandparents. Even late in his working life, my father, Joe Bukoski, left our Fourth Street house, lunch bucket in hand, to follow the railroad tracks as they curve beneath the Second Street viaduct, pass by a corner of Hog Island Inlet, the most polluted inlet on Lake Superior, then run by the oil dock on their way to King Midas. If his emphysema wasn't troubling him, he could get to work at the mill in 20 minutes. Other days, Tony Stromko, his cousin and fellow millhand, drove him. During an afternoon shift, they could almost have walked to Confession at St. Adalbert's and back during coffee break. As Poles, Belgians, Norwegians, Swedes, and Finns came to work on the ore dock and at the flour mill, butchers, bartenders, cobblers, and bakers busied themselves in the stores of East End. Though part of the King Midas Flour Mill was demolished during the years my father worked there, he could daydream over photos of how it once looked. Daydream, reminisce. Similarly, after the Northern Pacific Ore Dock was abandoned, part of it torn down, Steve Katzmark, whose family lived directly below the dock and who had labored up there all his life, could be seen wandering 100 feet in the air as if he, like my father, had nowhere to go but his dreams.

More recently, I have observed the look of disorientation that inevitably leads to dreams of old places: Delinquents have set fire to Jim Palmer's East End barbershop, in his family since 1937; Cy Gray's bank has forsaken the corner it occupied since 1897 to open a drive-though facility a half-mile away; the theater marquee, another East End landmark, was taken down three years ago from the movie house that closed showing *The Bramble Bush* four decades before.

Something else is occurring. Down Fifth Street, seven blocks from our church and school, Szkoła Wojciecha (once the spiritual, educational, and social locus of a Polish neighborhood), stood Stasiak's store. Nearer to St. Adalbert's in the two-block-long business district were Kiszewski's store, Stanski's market, Nadolski's and Stranko's taverns, Pesark's bakery, the bank, the movie theater, other businesses. All but the taverns, no longer

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owned by Poles, are closed. The East End Drugstore, built by Floyd Priest in 1898, has remained open longer than any business, longer than any church except St. Francis Xavier, a hub church. Purchased by Art Haugen, son of Norwegian immigrants, when Floyd Priest died in 1933, the drugstore has held the neighborhood together these last years. To borrow a term from "mallspeak," it was an "anchor store" in a neighborhood where the old Polish people have died and the young, moved away.

Now it is time for Art Haugen, Jr.'s disorientation. In the family for 71 years, the drugstore, unable to compete with the box-store pharmacies, will close once souvenir and curiosity seekers buy the remaining liniments, horehound drops, udder balm, deodorants, Mollimentum-Brand hoof dressing, postcards, Acme Lime Sulfur, to which you add water then dip chickens in the mixture to rid them of parasites, and other items that indicate how long the store has been here.

In a humble gesture to do an honorable deed the way the family always has done honorable deeds for the East End, Art Haugen, Jr., has wrapped, somewhat clumsily, a blue tarpaulin over the word "DRUG" on the neon sign outside. For the first time, the sign reads "EAST END STORE." When I visit him—he is nearing 60, too—we sit in shadows. If nobody stops by for lime sulfur or a postcard, then it makes a long day for him. He has had to let employees go from a store his father still came to in his 90's.

The last time I left the East End Drugstore, Art Jr. said, "Wait!" Disappearing into deeper shadows, he called, "I have something for you." Reemerging from the back, he held in his hand the only thing I guess I could have wanted at that moment in life: From the plastic pikestaff Art Jr. handed me hung a miniature Polish flag. "Thank you," I said, wondering where it had come from. Alone in the car, I touched the red and white flag to my heart.

St. Adalbert's Church, which no longer stands.

This last shock, the news of the closing of the East End Drugstore, has torn the life out of Art Haugen, Jr., out of everyone who loves the neighborhood and dislikes what America is becoming under the direction of the Sam Waltons with their Supercenters. Thankfully, as a dreamer like my father and Mr. Katzmark, I find consolation knowing the land will remember all this, that the 8,000-year-old water will remember.

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The Quickening
by Andrew Huntley

"Speed Kills"
—Roadsign

"Can you walk with the oak's root?" Ezra Pound,
Magus of the moderns, turned on his age—
Bearing an old man's shame, a poet's rage
From wrong to wrong. *Il miglior fabbro* found
Not beauty in his madness . . . small good ground:
Errors and wrecks—sad failure. From that cage
At Pisa, from that hospital, our mage
Went penitent by rushlight, self-discrowned.
Maybe he reached the splendour; but the world
His sovereign utterance set off on earth,
Shocking all artistry within the pale,
Spell-bound the city to mad fragments—whirled—
Deformed—apostate: readied for the birth
Of him whose coming just the fooled shall hail.

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Europe's Population Implosion

A Diagnosis

by David A. Hartman

Over the course of the last millennium, the populations of Europe (including Russia) and its Western offshoots (including the United States) grew explosively. Fueled by the agricultural and industrial revolutions that they pioneered and the raw materials of the New World that they settled, combined European-derived populations grew from less than one sixth to one third of the world's people. And their combined economies grew even more explosively, from less than one sixth to *two thirds* of the world's production of wealth as measured by Gross Domestic Product.

Since their peak before World War I, European populations have declined to one fifth of the world's total. The redistribution of population growth has been nearly equally spread among Latin America, Asia, and Africa since World War I, although the *rate* of population growth in Asia has now slowed to below the world's current average of 1.67 percent per year.

Over the course of the past quarter-century, the combined European nations grew at slightly below one percent per year, but this figure is deceiving. If we were to subtract increases in growth resulting from immigration from the Third World and an increase in life expectancy, Europe's combined population actually would have declined during this period.

This is the result of a decline in fertility to well below that which is required for zero population growth. This decline has affected all of the major European nations and their offshoots except the United States, which reversed her decline in the early 1980's and returned to zero-population-growth fertility. The European Union's fertility rate is only 70 percent of that required for the natural maintenance of a population.

The Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development (OECD) conducted a comprehensive inquiry into the causes of this fertility deficit, which is a common symptom of the developed world, including Japan. They discovered a three-year increase in the age at which women first gave birth in virtually all of the OECD countries. The OECD study then attempted to relate fertility rates to employment rates and the educational attainment of women through cross-sectional analyses of OECD countries as of 1980, and again as of 1999, and found no statistically meaningful correlations. The same analysis was applied to divorce rates and to the share of births out of wedlock; again, no statistically defensible correlations were found. The study did discover that, based on 1999 data, rising fertility rates are related to higher youth employment rates and that fertility rates decrease as the age of singles living at home rises. Perhaps in deference to political correctness, they turned a blind eye to the fact that, between 1980 and 1999, female employment rates, educational rates, and divorce rates, as well as out-of-wedlock births, had increased, while fertility rates had plummeted.

What the OECD failed to investigate were the effects on fertility of the worldwide growth of welfare states over the past three decades—including the increased burden of taxation on families and the perverse effects of the welfare expenditures that those taxes funded. From 1970 to 2000, government spending for OECD countries increased by an amount equal to one tenth of GDP, while fertility rates plummeted by one third. Government spending on welfare grew by one ninth of GDP in E.U. countries, accompanied by a two-fifths decline in fertility. And the increase in working women with a preference for fewer children—or none at all—is clearly related.

The combined effect of reliable contraception and legalized abortion has probably contributed most to the decline in fertility in the "developed nations." The socialist states have created a demand for these means of "fertility abatement" by crafting societies where the denigration of marriage, family, religion, and private property has largely destroyed not only the traditional motivations for bearing children but the means for traditional families to afford them.

Government spending accounts for nearly half of GDP among the countries of the European Union—almost 60 pence out of every euro when compared to personal income, two thirds of which goes for welfare expenditures. Government confiscations on this scale largely eliminate the ability of the middle class to save, undercutting their economic independence. But what the money is spent on has an even more malignant effect.

The fertility rates of Greece, Spain, and Italy are even lower than the E.U. average, despite similar marriage rates, far lower divorce rates, and a religious and cultural bias toward families. One reason is that unwed motherhood is frowned upon more in these three countries than in the rest of the European Union. Three out of every ten children are born out of wedlock in the European Union *versus* one out of ten in these countries. They also have higher old-age pensions relative to incomes, which promotes the separation of the aged from younger generations. And, since working mothers in virtually all countries prefer childcare provided by family members, the detachment of grandparents from the family is a deterrent to childbearing.

It is an axiom of economics that you get more of what you subsidize and less of what you tax. The European welfare state leads to fewer economically efficient marriages, the preferred basis for childrearing, and more unwed mothers, as well as more self-centered retirees, dissociated from the extended family and childrearing.

Around the globe, increases in government expenditures, particularly on social welfare—and the resulting increases in taxes—foster lower rates of marriage, higher divorce rates,

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more unwed mothers, and lower fertility rates. Where welfare states have been scaled back, as in Finland, Norway, and Sweden, fertility rates have significantly increased to above the E.U. and OECD averages, though they remain 15 percent below zero-population-growth fertility. No-fault divorce (particularly with children involved), the prevailing consensus of postmodern feminism, and increasing tax burdens work against any attempts to restore the primacy of the natural family.

The experience of the United States is instructive. By 1993, the U.S. government was spending $20,000 per individual 65 or older, regardless of his means, and $20,000 on every child in poverty (primarily the progeny of unwed mothers). Between 1970 and 1993, the real after-tax income in constant dollars of the median married family failed to grow at all, despite a 38-percent increase in productivity per hour worked and a 50-percent increase in hours worked by wives. The entire increase in the U.S. economy went to government and its beneficiaries. Not surprisingly, unwed motherhood soared, marriage and childrearing within marriages declined, and divorces rose. The bumper stickers on the motor homes of affluent retirees that read "We're spending our kids' inheritance" should have continued "and spending our unborn grandchildren's share as well."

The United States currently makes up less than five percent of the world's population, yet she consumes one fifth of the world's goods. How long can this continue, if our productive and reproductive values are persistently undermined by welfarism, paid for by overseas borrowing that has transformed the United States from the world's largest creditor to the largest debtor in just two decades?

Since 1993, U.S. demographics have shown positive signs. The income of the median married family, in real dollars, has increased steadily as of 2000, and the federal tax burden has declined. Consequently, over the last few years, the divorce rate has declined, and marriage rates and marital-fertility rates have leveled out, but that has not made up for the lost ground. The total fertility rate has risen back to 2.1, the zero-population-growth level, but, unfortunately, the entirety of the improvement can be attributed to out-of-wedlock births, which have now stabilized at one third of total births. It remains to be seen if an increase of median-married-family incomes will further improve these vital statistics.

The latest official projections for the population of Europe published by Eurostat predict negative "natural" growth of native Europeans by 2005, with "natural" population decreasing at an *increasing* rate thereafter. Negative growth including net immigration is not expected until 2020. An updated "low" forecast was not provided, but last year's low forecast showed a possible decline of 20 percent by the year 2050, *despite* immigration. Extrapolating the lowered "official" forecast, we can project a nine-percent lower "natural" population by 2050.

A demographic study of Europe's population prospects presented in the March 2003 issue of *Science* suggests that the Eurostat "official" forecast is too optimistic. If Europe maintains its current fertility rate of 1.5 children per fertile woman, its population will decline approximately 25 percent by 2080. Even if fertility rose *immediately* to the level required for zero population growth, population would still decline until 2060 because of the "negative momentum" from the substantial decline in Europe's proportion of fertile women compared to total population.

This population implosion means that the ratio of workers to retirees is declining at an alarming rate. It also poses problems for competitiveness, since a stagnant or declining economy makes it difficult to incorporate technological improvements when new capacity for productive output is not required.

Since this voluntary depopulation of a prosperous collection of countries is historically unprecedented, it is difficult to conclude that it is inevitable. What can be done to turn the tide?

> Government spending accounts for almost 60 pence out of every euro when compared to personal income.

Any recipe for societal regeneration must restore primacy to marriage and family and disavow the notion that government is the true parent of the child and the preferred husband of the woman; restore Christianity to the education of children and to the promotion of the family and morality and allow it a respected role in society; and encourage women to prefer childrearing to employment and men to welcome the challenge of being the primary provider for the family. On the economic front, we must relentlessly reduce the role and cost of government to taxpayers, particularly to families, in order to allow them their rightful means to conduct their own lives without government interference; convert old-age pension and healthcare schemes to savings accounts under the direction and ownership of each family; terminate welfare schemes that subsidize unwed motherhood and the improvidence of the older generation at the expense of young families; and end trade and fiscal deficits that mortgage our future. And, in both social and tax law, we must cease to deny marriages the rights of any other partnership and the obligations of any other contract.

This list is just a start, but it provides an agenda that is far closer to God's will, human nature, and the natural order of a healthy society. A new and revitalized Europe—and United States—would be the consequence of such an agenda.

The socialist ideology has achieved its current hegemony because of the gullibility of individuals who were told that government confiscation and redistribution of income will achieve social justice. Given that power, the massive growth of government became irresistible, and the loss of income and of property rights was joined by the loss of rights for the family and religion and the loss of our heritage as freemen, as the growth of the power of nation-states led to unprecedented corruption. Demographic implosions, disintegration of families, the demise of religion, and the impending economic hegemony of Asia are the bitter fruits of the Europeans' folly.

The same can be said of us Americans. The footprints of Karl Marx are stamped on every page of our recent history. The only antidote is the severe curtailment of the excessive confiscations of government, thereby returning to families the means and the time necessary to care for themselves and to enjoy the fruits of their labor and freedom, along with the revitalization of a culture that encourages motherhood, fatherhood, and lifelong families.

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Strange Bedfellows

Bush and Soros Unite Against Georgia

by Wayne Allensworth

Last November's "Rose Revolution" in the Caucasian republic of Georgia made political bedfellows of an unlikely couple: George W. Bush and billionaire "philanthropist" and global meddler George Soros. The apparent cooperation between the Bush administration and Soros in backing the ouster of President Eduard Shevardnadze seems all the more bizarre in light of Soros' stated goal of ensuring that Mr. Bush is not re-elected in November. Nevertheless, the pairing is not as strange as it first seems. Both Soros and Bush are dedicated to globalization, with Georgia the latest target selected for "regime change." The Hungarian-born Soros is intent on spreading his model of an "Open Society" (which emphasizes abortion, euthanasia, legalization of narcotics, and homosexual "rights") to the mountainous republic and, indeed, across the former Soviet bloc, while, behind talk of widening the parameters of global democracy, the Bush administration's motives are likely part of Washington's drive to dominate an oil-rich "arc of instability" stretching from the Middle East to the Caucasus and beyond to Central Asia.

An Anti-Shevardnadze crowd seized Georgia's parliament on the night of November 22, 2003, forcing the Georgian president to resign after the opposition's leadership, Mikheil Saakashvili, Nino Burjanadze, and Zurab Zhavnia, claimed that recent elections had been rigged. (International observers agreed.) This seizure was the high-water mark of Georgia's "Rose Revolution," a largely bloodless overthrow of the Shevardnadze-headed regime in Tbilisi. The manner in which the "revolution" was played out, however, raised questions about whether a genuine popular revolt or a carefully orchestrated coup had taken place.

In the early afternoon of November 22, thousands of protestors, called together by Georgian opposition parties, gathered in Tbilisi, pledging to prevent the new parliament, elected on November 2, from convening. The timing of the opposition's moves was critical. Had new legislators convened, oppositionist Burjanadze would no longer be speaker of parliament and Shevardnadze's successor if the former Soviet foreign minister left office.

Journalist Daan van der Schriek found it "remarkable" that opposition leading light "Misha" Saakashvili managed to enter the building, which was surrounded by police and military units, and confront Shevardnadze—and just as remarkable that Shevardnadze was able to escape through the hostile crowd outside the building. (The demonstrators had conveniently left one avenue to the building open and unguarded.) According to Van der Schriek's account, the police and military "disappeared" after the president's departure, while the demonstrators "'stormed,' or rather, were allowed to occupy, the steps" of the building. "This," reported Van der Schriek, "was not an unorganized storming of the Bastille. The rank-and-file protestors were kept in line by their own 'order troops,' members of *Kmara* (Enough!), an anti-Shevardnadze youth movement" with ties to Soros-backed organizations.

One Georgian observer affirmed that the "Rose Revolution" was, indeed, a "*putsch*" but one that many, if not most, Georgians probably supported. Shevardnadze had a different view: He claimed that there were two forces chiefly behind the overthrow of his government—Soros and the United States. After his forced resignation, a bitter Shevardnadze told reporters that "I was one of the biggest supporters of United States policy. When they needed my support on Iraq, I gave it. What happened here, I cannot explain." Shevardnadze also noted that U.S. ambassador to Georgia Richard Miles was posted to Belgrade before Slobodan Milosevic's ouster, and he claimed that Ambassador Miles encouraged the opposition to mount the "Rose Revolution."

Toronto's *Globe and Mail* subsequently reported that an opposition activist, Giga Bokeria, whose Liberty Institute reportedly is backed by both Soros' Open Society Institute and the U.S.-government-supported Eurasia Institute, had traveled to Serbia before the "Rose Revolution" to meet with members of the Otbor (Resistance) movement and "learn how they had used street demonstrations to topple" the Milosevic regime. Last summer, Soros money paid for the Serbs to travel to Georgia, where they "ran three-day courses teaching more than a thousand students how to stage a peaceful revolution." (An Open Society spokesman later confirmed the Soros connection to the Otbor "courses" held in Georgia.) Moreover, Soros-financed media conducted an anti-Shevardnadze campaign, while a documentary on the tactics used by anti-Milosevic protestors was aired twice on a Soros-financed Georgian TV station in the period leading up to the seizure of the parliament. Not surprisingly, Mikheil Saakashvili, elected president following the "Rose Revolution," has long-standing ties to Soros and is a recipient of the Open Society Award

In mid-2002, Soros publicly announced that it was "necessary to mobilize civil society" in order to protect democracy in the Caucasian republic. Such a "mobilization," he claimed, was exactly what he and his followers had organized in the former Yugoslavia.

Since the "Rose Revolution," Soros has strengthened his influence in Georgia. In January, U.N. Development Program Administrator Mark Malloch Brown and Soros launched a "trust fund" supposedly aimed at helping Saakashvili fight corruption. Both pledged a start-up amount of one million dollars—with Saakashvili hoping for an eventual $15 million—earmarked for paying Georgian officials' salaries, theoretically

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removing the temptation to accept bribes. Some Georgian observers, however, are claiming that Saakashvili is replacing corrupt officials with his own equally corrupt loyalists. Soros' "trust fund" may simply be a means to buy influence with the Georgian bureaucracy and to cement his ties to Saakashvili.

The present Georgian leadership has pledged to pursue a pro-U.S. policy, while Saakashvili has announced that he wants Georgia to join NATO. In February, Saakashvili visited Washington and met with President Bush. One correspondent commented that the newly minted Georgian president was now the "darling" of the Bush administration.

After a meeting with Deputy Defense Secretary Paul Wolfowitz, the Georgian president revealed that the United States would expand a military-assistance program (dubbed "train and equip") initiated under Shevardnadze, with the eventual goal of creating a 5,000-man "American-style brigade." Moreover, Washington apparently allocated three million dollars to pay the salaries of U.S.-trained Georgian troops. Members of Congress reportedly told Saakashvili that Georgia would receive some $200 million in aid from the United States in 2004, while Washington has committed itself to a ten-year "investment" in building "civil society" in Georgia of over a billion dollars. In addition, the FBI announced it would open a Tbilisi office, while the White House promised to advise the new regime on how to fight corruption.

Washington has a concrete geopolitical/economic goal in mind for Georgia, something Saakashvili has mentioned. In March, Saakashvili met with his counterpart in Azerbaijan, whose port at Baku on the landlocked—and oil-rich—Caspian Sea makes the former Soviet republic strategically important. Saakashvili and U.S.-friendly Azeri President Ilham Aliyev discussed what was on every observer's mind—the proposed Baku-Tbilisi-Ceyhan (BTC) pipeline, deemed a crucial part of Washington's strategy to funnel Caspian crude oil from Baku to NATO member Turkey *via* Georgia, bypassing Russia, which has perceived this as a U.S. intrusion on her sphere of influence. The pipeline's construction is being carried out by a consortium of multinational oil companies, with backing from the U.S. government. The total bill for the project, which will pump as much as one million barrels of crude per day to a Mediterranean tanker terminal is projected at about three billion dollars. The BTC route could eventually transport oil from Kazakhstan in Central Asia. At the Baku meeting, Saakashvili repeated his commitment to the BTC project, pledging to resist any efforts to block its construction, especially by Russia.

The BTC pipeline and deepening U.S. influence in the Caucasus appear to be part of a larger strategy aimed at securing control over oil and gas deposits throughout the "arc of instability." The "War on Terror" is being exploited as a pretext for U.S. intervention in these hot spots. Washington trumped up alleged Iraqi connections to Osama bin Laden and harped on nonexistent "weapons of mass destruction" as part of a plan that appears at least partly aimed at taking charge of Iraq's vast oil reserves. In Afghanistan and in former Soviet Central Asian republics, Washington has deployed troops who may remain for some time: The troops will help secure yet another pipeline route, this time to transport Turkmen gas through Afghanistan to Pakistan. In Georgia, Muslim Chechen partisans, who have ties to Islamic terrorist groups, had used that country's Pankisi Gorge as a base of operations against Russian troops in Chechnya. Thus, Washington portrayed its involvement in Georgia as part of the larger War on Terror. Russia had lobbied hard for the West to accept her operation in Chechnya as another front in the antiterrorism war and found it difficult to respond under those circumstances.

Russia has used her influence with separatist movements in Georgia, especially in Abkazia and Southern Ossetia, to pressure Tbilisi. Some observers claim that Russia had given up on stopping the BTC pipeline project and was recently concentrating on using such pressure points to influence Shevardnadze, who was playing a delicate balancing act between Moscow and Washington, sometimes seeming to lean toward Russia to appease the Kremlin, which could be one reason Washington turned on him. Russia may have decided to wait and see what came of the "Rose Revolution," before returning to her previous strategy: In March, with Saakashvili threatening military intervention in the autonomous region of Adjaria, rumors began circulating in Moscow of Russian attempts to preserve Adjarian autonomy, which would put more pressure on Washington and Tbilisi. At the same time, Russia has dragged her feet on withdrawing military forces from Soviet-era bases in Georgia, giving Moscow another bargaining chip.

Despite his professed desire to see President Bush turned out of the White House come November, Soros and Bush have some of the same friends—and some of the same goals, though they may differ on the means of achieving them. Consider Soros' ties to James Baker, a member in good standing of the extended Bush political clan: Soros' business partners at the Carlyle Group, in which Soros has reportedly invested more than $100 million, include the former secretary of state as well as George H.W. Bush. Baker himself is a lobbyist for Azeri oil interests. Soros may stand to gain financially from the establishment of an "open society" in Georgia.

Another indirect link to the Bush camp may be Soros' connections to neoconservative hawks prominent in the present administration: Soros' International Crisis Group includes Democrat Stephen Solarz, who has been described as "the Israeli lobby's chief legislative tactician on Capital Hill" and who was a signatory, along with Richard Perle and Wolfowitz, of a notorious 1998 letter calling for President Clinton to overthrow Saddam Hussein. Thus, journalist Neil Clark has written that, "By making US ambitions so clear," using "crude" threats, and embarking on unilateral military interventions, "the Bush gang has committed the cardinal sin of giving the game away." Clinton's multilateral approach, together with the largely unnoticed actions of such groups as Soros' Open Society Institute, had gone far to accomplish globalization without the international opposition the present administration faces. Bush and his camp, wrote Clark, "have blown it."

Like the Republican "right," left-liberal ideologues such as Soros see globalization as a means of achieving their social and cultural ends. Soros can also pick up some cash on the road to his utopia. The philistine *Wall Street Journal* "right" wants a borderless world, where multinationals can move factories and conduct financial transactions at will around the globe. To see that through, the globalist right can make use of a George Soros, who is working constantly to break down the barriers that stand in the way of economic globalization. The seemingly strange Soros-Bush collaboration in Georgia is actually quite natural. American patriots should recognize the two Georges as but two heads of a globalist hydra that is the sworn enemy of all national sovereignty, including America's.

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Chronicles' Back Issues, Tapes, and Books

* The 14th Annual Meeting of The John Randolph Club *

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THE WAR AGAINST EUROPE—Audiotape—Justin Raimondo argues against America's cultural, political, and military imperialism in "Imposing America Abroad," and Scott P. Richert explains official multiculturalism's assault on "Embattled Ethnic Enclaves in America." And panel chairman Thomas Pauken briefly examines the rapid dissipation of European sympathy and support for post-September 11 America.
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EUROPE AGAINST EUROPE—Audiotape—Srdja Trifkovic explains the impending death of Europe brought on by Christian Europe's refusal to procreate in "Demographic Suicide," and economist and Rockford Institute board chairman David A. Hartman compares destructive economic and taxation policies in Europe and the United States in "Socialist Suicide in Europe and the U.S."
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THE LOUISIANA EXPERIMENT—Audiotape—Louisiana historian Charles Elliott explains the state's unusual cultural and political relationship with the Republic in "Excluded by Purchase, Included by Rebellion," historian Roger Busbice thunders through the Union occupation of New Orleans in "Reign of the Beast," and Ben C. Toledano tells where the bodies are buried in "Election Affinities."
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Smear Campaign

by Samuel Francis

"The tone and tendency of liberalism . . . is to attack the institutions of the country under the name of reform and to make war on the manners and customs of the people under the pretext of progress."

—Benjamin Disraeli

Reds: McCarthyism in Twentieth-Century America
by Ted Morgan
New York: Random House;
704 pp., $35.00

On April 14, 1996, the *Washington Post* published a 2,700-word article by liberal journalist Nicholas von Hoffman entitled "Was McCarthy Right about the Left? The Reds Were Under the Bed While the Liberals Looked Away." The article did not quite say that "McCarthy was right," as some people soon claimed, but it came close. The occasion for Von Hoffman's piece and its reversal of half a century of liberal demonization of Joe McCarthy was the recent appearance of a large body of evidence (including the release in 1995 of the "Venona" documents—transcripts of encrypted communications between the Soviets and their intelligence services in this country in the 1940's that the U.S. government intercepted and deciphered) that confirms the truth of much of what McCarthy and other anticommunists of the 1950's alleged.

As a result of this evidence, it is now almost universally acknowledged that the Communist Party in the United States was a highly disciplined tool subsidized and controlled by the Soviet Union. Up to at least the 1950's, its membership included an underground apparatus that the Soviets used for espionage and subversion against the United States. Several federal agencies really had been deeply penetrated by communists and Soviet spies, and these spies—several hundred of them—included Alger Hiss, Franklin D. Roosevelt's aide Lauchlin Currie, deputy head of the Office of Strategic Services Dwight Chapin Lee, Treasury Department official Harry Dexter White, and many others. Soviet spies infiltrated the Manhattan Project and passed atomic secrets to the Soviets; these spies included Julius Rosenberg and his ring. Nuclear scientist J. Robert Oppenheimer is now known to have been at one time a member of the Communist Party and to have placed other communists in sensitive positions in the Manhattan Project. Soviet agents or people very sympathetic to Soviet communism—including what was perhaps the single most controversial name identified by McCarthy, Asia scholar Owen Lattimore—were influential in undermining U.S. support for Chiang Kai-shek and helping the communists take over China.

From the 1940's to the 1990's, the hard left and establishment liberalism strenuously rejected every one of these claims and vilified anyone—Whittaker Chambers, Elizabeth Bentley, Richard Nixon, J. Edgar Hoover, Louis Budenz, the congressional investigating committees, and, above all, Joe McCarthy—who made them. The left defended Hiss and the Rosenbergs as innocent martyrs of unscrupulous, politically motivated right wingers or of sheer paranoia and dismissed reports of Soviet and domestic communist influence on U.S. foreign policy as fantasy, ideology, and smears. The revelations of recent years have destroyed those claims. Virtually every icon and myth of the anti-anticommunist left has now been shattered by indisputable facts. The left was wrong. The McCarthyites—and maybe McCarthy himself—were right.

Having been dragged kicking and screaming to the recognition that almost everything they claimed about the subversion issue not only was false but actually endangered our national safety by denying the threat existed at all, the left has to try to salvage itself. In particular, it has to deal with McCarthy, long the Satan of antiliberalism, because, if McCarthy (and by extension "McCarthyism") was right, liberalism has a rather serious problem.

Ted Morgan's massive new book, *Reds*, can be read as a protracted and somewhat desperate effort to consider McCarthy and McCarthyism in the context of what we now can no longer question about communist subversion, and that is one reason his book has been warmly greeted by liberals as well as neoconservatives (assuming you think there is a difference). Thomas Powers in the *New York Review*

Samuel Francis is a nationally syndicated columnist and the political editor of Chronicles.

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of Books and neoconservatives Ronald Radosh in the *Washington Post* and Arnold Beichman in the *Washington Times* have all, along with most other reviewers of similar orientations, praised the book, not least because Mr. Morgan does not conclude that "McCarthy was right."

Morgan's answer to the liberal dilemma about McCarthy is to argue that, while Soviet and communist subversion was real, McCarthy was irrelevant as well as dangerous and obnoxious. Morgan devotes some 200 pages to McCarthy himself, but his book is more than just an account of the Wisconsin senator. It is really a history of what he calls "McCarthyism," which he defines in his Preamble (presumably his book is intended as a kind of new constitution) as "1. The political practice of publicizing accusations of disloyalty or subversion with insufficient regard to evidence. 2. The use of dubious methods of investigation in order to suppress opposition." Morgan is not especially consistent in this definition, and, 566 pages later, he changes it to "the use of false information in the pursuit of a fictitious enemy." His thesis is that "McCarthyism," whatever it is, existed long before Joe McCarthy and continues to exist to this day; he is far less concerned to substantiate the realities of Soviet-communist subversion than to show how unsavory anyone who pointed to those realities was.

To Morgan's credit, he makes no effort to minimize or evade what the communists were doing. "We now know," he writes, "that the American Communist Party . . . was busily establishing a subculture that acted in hidden ways, attracting not only a loyal membership, but a number of agents assigned to special tasks." (Actually, those who followed the congressional investigations of the 1930's through the 1950's knew that long before the Venona documents were released.) Soviet funds "continued to keep the American party afloat."

The Soviets sponsored subversion in the United States almost from the day they came to power, and, by the time of the Depression, "the Communist subculture flourished and gained the self-sufficiency of a state within a state, with its own unions, housing projects, insurance company, legal defense system, and youth organizations."

> In their scope and effectiveness, the Soviet espionage operations in wartime America were without historical precedent. Never did one country steal so many political, diplomatic, scientific, and military secrets from another.

Morgan's account of Soviet subversion cannot be faulted, but most of it is not original to his book, and recounting it is not his real purpose. His real purpose is to perpetuate the demonization of anticommunists that the left has long engineered.

It is difficult to find one single word of praise or even much of a balanced judgment for any of the major anticommunist figures of the era. Martin Dies, the Texas congressman whose "Dies Committee" pioneered congressional investigations of subversive activities, was "a Southern racist who despised blacks, foreigners, and big government. He had a crude and blustering manner, a venal nature, and a second-rate mind," even though "he turned out to be surprisingly effective in uncovering the concealed activities of the party." Anticommunist Sen. William Jenner was "a small-town Indiana lawyer with a Manichaean mind, incapable of shadings." J. Edgar Hoover "harbored a pathological conviction that Negroes were immoral animals with uncontrollable sexual appetites," a statement for which Morgan offers no evidence. (Hoover, in fact, seems to have harbored merely the conventional, paternalistic racial views of his era and background.) Hoover's "hounding of [Martin Luther] King was a textbook example of McCarthyism." Morgan notes at least three times that Roy Cohn, chief counsel to McCarthy's Government Operations Committee, died of AIDS and calls him "the arrogant little squirt with friends in high places, the show-off with the orange tuxedo." Not once in his book does Morgan use this kind of language to describe a single one of the whole list of traitors, spies, tyrants, dupes, and outright fools who either worked consciously for the communists or allowed themselves to be used by them. His real hatred, however, is reserved for the archdemon himself.

Morgan wastes many pages rehashing the divorce cases McCarthy handled as a Wisconsin judge and finds he was generally loathe to grant divorces when young children were involved. That is as good as it gets. "Joe," as Morgan habitually refers to McCarthy (he calls every other figure in the book by his surname) "revealed the twin engines that propelled him, ambition and greed." His war record, his political campaigns, his finances, his Senate activities before 1950, his drinking, and his marriage—which Morgan suggests (without evidence) was a political convenience meant to avoid accusations of homosexuality prompted by his relationship with Cohn—are recounted in excruciating detail. But Morgan's main interest in McCarthy is as an incompetent, dishonest, dangerous, and ineffective leader of anticommunist efforts. Not once does he cite Cohn's 1968 book on McCarthy, William F. Buckley and L. Brent Bozell's 1954 *McCarthy and His Enemies*, or the most recent biography of the senator, Arthur Herman's *Joseph McCarthy*, let alone any other sympathetic secondary work.

McCarthy's flaws have long been known to his supporters even more than to his enemies, but many of those flaws, as Arthur Herman has shown, were hardly unique to him and also characterized much of what his enemies said and wrote about him. Nor does the myth that McCarthy "destroyed hundreds of innocent lives" bear scrutiny. After reading Morgan's bitterly hostile but exhaustive account of him and his career, it is impossible to identify one single innocent individual whom McCarthy seriously harmed through his rhetoric and investigations. There were people who seem not to have been so innocent who lost government jobs, but no one went to jail or was ruined. Indeed, after all his snorting about McCarthy, Morgan acknowledges that, "in spite of McCarthy's hectoring tactics, not a single witness who appeared before his subcommittee was imprisoned for perjury, contempt, espionage, or subversion" and at last confesses that "There was never a wholesale purge, either in universities or in the entertainment world."

Morgan's fundamental indictment against McCarthy is that the danger from the Communist Party and the Soviet underground was essentially over by the time he arrived on the scene. "McCarthy's contribution to this dismantling of the Communist Party" was, "except for inducing hysteria in the general population, little or nothing." Aside from the foolish claim that the American population in the early 1950's was in a state of "hysteria," this thesis represents some progress, since we have now moved from the assertion that "McCarthy never found any communists" (which Morgan acknowledges is untrue) to "The communists he found were already known." Morgan is able

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to make this claim because the Venona documents supposedly show that, by the early 1950's, the Soviets decided that the American party was no longer a useful vehicle for espionage, having reached that conclusion after the Truman internal-security program and the prosecution of Communist Party leaders under the Smith Act essentially broke the party and exposed it as a Soviet tool. Therefore, by the time McCarthy started alleging in 1950 that there were communists in the State Department, the communists were all gone.

But even if we were to accept this view of the effectiveness of the Truman program and the prosecution of the party, it does not follow that McCarthy's efforts were useless. However effective the Truman program may have been, Soviet-sponsored internal subversion assisted by American communists and their sympathizers and dupes continued until the very end of the Cold War.

Moreover, by Morgan's own account, Truman adopted the measures that supposedly broke the party only because of the political pressure arising precisely from what Morgan denounces as "McCarthyism." Truman referred in a private letter to "the Communist 'bugaboo'" at the very time the major revelations about the bugaboo were about to break and, in a famous remark, dismissed the Alger Hiss case as a "red herring" (even though the White House had received but ignored information warning about the spy ring to which Hiss belonged three years before Chambers exposed him). He continued to regard the whole issue as merely a partisan Republican attack on him and the Democrats. As Morgan writes,

> For Truman, Communism was not a danger to the country, but a potent political issue that the Republicans were using against him. . . . His strategy was to take the issue away from Congress. He prepared for the 1948 presidential campaign by mounting a loyalty program that would be the domestic panel of his containment policy. . . . In this way he would outflank the Red-hunters in Congress.

Well, of course, that is how democracy is supposed to work. The "McCarthyites," from Martin Dies to J. Edgar Hoover to Richard Nixon and his colleagues on the Un-American Activities Committee, created the issue of subversion and espionage in the federal government, and Truman, out of purely political motives, responded with what Morgan claims was a policy that destroyed the effectiveness of the Communist Party. Without this "McCarthyism," there would have been no response at all from Truman. And that means that the nation owes an immense debt to the very "McCarthyism" Morgan spends most of his book denouncing and trying to discredit.

As for McCarthy himself, it was certainly not known in the early 1950's (or, indeed, until the 1990's) that the Communist Party and its infiltration of the government and other institutions of American society were no longer a threat, if indeed they had ceased to be a threat. What was known was that Alger Hiss, the Rosenbergs, and several others had turned out to be spies or communists or agents of influence for the communists; that communists had seized Eastern Europe and China; that communist-backed insurgencies were popping up in various countries around the world; that North Korea invaded South Korea and the United States was again at war; and that, thanks to people like Hiss, the Rosenbergs, and their comrades, Joseph Stalin had the bomb. And it was also known that, every time anyone suggested that communist infiltration and influence in the government were a lot more serious than most Americans knew, he found himself denounced and vilified as a "fascist," a "witch hunter," and an "hysteric."

Some men, preeminently Joe McCarthy, did not respond that way and actually sought, sometimes in a fumbling and amateurish way, to deal seriously with the threat. Because of them, and only because of them, this danger was eventually recognized and, to some degree, countered. What Joe McCarthy, more than any other anticommunist leader of the era, accomplished was to communicate to the mass of Americans that they faced a serious danger of subversion and that their national leadership was either blind to the danger or actually in league with it.

The liberal denial and refusal to take Soviet-communist subversion seriously created reasonable suspicions that something at the very core of liberalism was deeply rotten, and the mass following that McCarthy soon attracted was the predictable and justifiable response of a public that had every reason to be worried and frightened by communist aggression abroad and communist subversion at home, as well as—and more especially—by the refusal of the establishment liberalism of the day to perceive the situation or to do anything about it.

And that is why McCarthy and "McCarthyism" were and remain dangerous to liberalism. Essentially, for all the mistakes McCarthy made in speech and action, his real accomplishment was not to expose communism but to expose liberalism. He showed that liberalism's refusal to deal with communist subversion grew out of its very core, that liberals could not recognize—let alone resist—communists even when they shared the same offices because, at bottom, liberalism and communism are virtually indistinguishable.

McCarthy seems to have understood this intuitively, and much of his following at least sensed that this is what he was trying to tell them; but he was not, perhaps, able to see the truth and express it very clearly. Whittaker Chambers, who *did* see the situation clearly, expressed it much more effectively than McCarthy ever did. "I saw," he wrote in *Witness*,

> that the New Deal was only superficially a reform movement. I had to acknowledge the truth of what its more forthright protagonists, sometimes defiantly, averred: the New Deal was a genuine revolution. . . . Whether the revolutionists prefer to call themselves Fabians, who seek power by the inevitability of gradualism, or Bolsheviks, who seek power by the dictatorship of the proletariat, the struggle is for power.

And, as Chambers also came to grasp, precisely because of the fundamental similarity between liberalism and communism, "every move against the Communists was felt by the liberals as a move against themselves."

What McCarthy was implicitly proposing, in other words, was nothing less than a counterrevolution against liberalism, which is why liberalism and its current incarnation in "neoconservatism" cannot to this day acknowledge that he was "right." Ted Morgan's book, for all its acknowledgement of McCarthy's claims about communism having been "right," is a major but, in the end, almost laughably unsuccessful effort to preserve the myth that the truth Joe McCarthy tried to tell us about liberalism was not really true. C

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Elephant Amok

by Srdja Trifkovic

Rogue Nation: American Unilateralism and the Failure of Good Intentions
by Clyde Prestowitz
New York: Basic Books; 328 pp., $26.00

◆

This book joins dozens of others that have been written over the past two years with the goal of subjecting President George W. Bush's foreign policy to critical scrutiny. Clyde Prestowitz's objections are often justified—notably on the Middle East—and stated with clarity. His recommended remedies reflect a strong One World liberal bias, however, while failing to make a useful contribution to the necessary and long-overdue debate on the purpose, use, and limits of American power.

Rogue Nation—a title the author admits to be deliberately provocative—is an indictment of the present administration for "soft imperialism" and in-your-face unilateralism. In the aftermath of September 11—when *Le Monde* proclaimed "*Nous sommes tous Américains*"—Mr. Bush missed an opportunity, Prestowitz claims, to "come to reason together" with his European partners and to cooperate in the creation of "a new, better, world order." The United States opted for a quest for supremacy instead, and the President's West Point speech in June 2002 marked the adoption of a radical new doctrine of preemption and global dominance.

Prestowitz admits that national egoism is a natural impulse that has guided the foreign policies of powers great and small for centuries, but he contends that the haughtiness and arrogance of the present national-security team are detrimental even in terms of an enlightened, if amoral, self-interest. The assumption that "they need us more than we need them," he contends, should not be made so openly even if it were true—which, Prestowitz argues, it is not. He perceives the same assumption behind Washington's contempt for the United Nations, its abandonment of the Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty, its pursuit of a National Missile Defense system, its refusal to ratify the Kyoto Agreement on Global Warming and to accept the International Criminal Court, its ambivalence toward a "one-China" policy, and its imposition of protective tariffs on steel imports.

Prestowitz is right to lament the attack on the international order established by the Peace of Westphalia in 1648, but he is wrong to blame Bush for its undoing. That was accomplished by Bill Clinton's doctrine of "humanitarian intervention" and its use to justify the U.S.-led attack on Serbia in March 1999. Prestowitz's account of Clinton's interventions in Bosnia and in Kosovo is sketchy and flawed: Far from being "hopelessly unable to cope with the situation," as he contends, the European Union was repeatedly on the verge of brokering peace-saving agreements (notably over Bosnia in Lisbon in early 1992 and in Geneva in late 1993) only to see its efforts subverted by the likes of Warren Zimmermann and Richard Holbrooke. The set-up at Rambouillet that preceded the Kosovo war was another example of the cold-blooded mendacity of Bill Clinton's foreign policy that escapes Clyde Prestowitz's censure.

A remarkable feature of the book is its authorial silence on the nature and magnitude of the Islamic threat to Western interests and the Western way of life. (*Islam* does not even figure in the book's Index; dozens of other movements and issues do, however, from *abortion* to *water*.) The sense of alienation felt by America's erstwhile friends in the Arab world is treated in passing; but can it be explained solely in terms of Washington's passionate attachment to its "unsinkable aircraft carrier"? Would the problem of global Islamic militancy vanish, or significantly diminish, if the United States adopted a more evenhanded course in the Middle East? We are not told—a glaring omission in a book that aspires to offer diagnostic tools, as well as authoritative advice, to the decisionmaking community.

Prestowitz's softness on Islam is curious and telling, considering that Mahathir Muhammad, former prime minister of Malaysia, pays a lavish compliment to this book, calling it *essential reading* "[a]t this critical time in America's relations with the Muslim world." This same Dr. Mahathir received a standing ovation at last year's Organization of Islamic Conference summit when he urged Muslims everywhere to promote science and technology—not in order to make their own cars, air conditioners, or computers but to produce their own "guns and rockets, bombs and warplanes, tanks and warships." Prestowitz mentions both Mahathir and Malaysia approvingly several times but omits Mahathir's proclamation of Malaysia as an Islamic state (September 2001) and his declaration in parliament (June 2002) that Malaysia had been mistakenly identified as a "moderate" Islamic state rather than the fundamentalist Islamic state she is proud to be! The reason for Prestowitz's leniency seems to be that he needs Malaysia as an example that some Muslims, somewhere, are capable of reform, progress, and economic development. In reality, Malaysia is not a "Muslim" country at all but a multiethnic, multireligious state in which the Malays, who are Muslim, control the government and systematically discriminate against non-Muslims.

Prestowitz detects the seeds of the imperial impulse in the duality of the American character, embodied in the adventurers who went to Virginia with John Smith and the Puritans who went to Massachusetts with John Winthrop. He claims detachment from both; he exhibits, however, a utopian longing for the time when "we once defined our national interest in terms the whole world could embrace, as witnessed by our support for strong global institutions, due process, and the rule of law."

Perhaps the most frustrating aspect of Prestowitz's book is his insistence that he is a "true conservative." The claim is silly: On each and every significant world issue—with the exception of Israel—Prestowitz advocates policies indistinguishable from the views of leading Democrats. He could have penned John Kerry's speech in support of a "multilateral cooperative tradition of democratic internationalism forged in the course of two world wars and the cold war," in contrast to the dangerous mix of isolationism and unilateralism that characterizes the Republicans. While Prestowitz lambasts neoconservative grandomania, he glosses over Madeleine Albright's idiotic dictum that, "if we have to use force, it is because we are America. We are the indispensable nation. We stand tall. We see further into the future."

No conservative, of whatever shade or shape, can support—as Prestowitz does—the concept of global justice embodied in the International Criminal Court, a monstrosity that claims universal jurisdiction to try individuals charged with "crimes against humanity" anywhere in the world. Such assertions of authority and jurisdiction are clearly contrary to the U.S. Constitution and American law. Prestowitz does not know, or perhaps care, that the ICC has no intention of limiting its juris-

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diction to genocide or "human rights" as conventionally understood. Its advocates already seek to criminalize "enforced pregnancy," defined as the denial of the right of a woman to obtain an abortion—a new crime against humanity. And no conservative could write a book on world affairs and globalization that completely fails to assess the effect of collapsing birthrates among Europeans and their transoceanic offspring or the parallel invasion of their lands by untold millions of Third World immigrants.

Neither Prestowitz's multilateralism nor the neoconservative Republican unilateralism he criticizes can help us define policies that will enable America to remain secure and free, while ceasing to threaten the security and freedom of others. These goals are inseparable from the preservation of this nation's identity and liberty at home, and this is the crucial point Prestowitz fails to address. Hence, perhaps, the ringing endorsement of *Rogue Nation* as "a compelling analysis of the current geopolitical situation and America's role in the world" from that noted "philanthropist" George Soros. With such illustrious friends, this book needs no detractors.

Chronicles' foreign-affairs editor Srdja Trifkovic is the author of The Sword of the Prophet: Islam—History, Theology, Impact on the World.

Deep as Dante

by H.A. Scott Trask

Hawthorne: A Life
by Brenda Wineapple
New York: Knopf; 509 pp., $30.00

◆

Brenda Wineapple's new biography of the most brilliant flower of the New England Renaissance reminded me that it was time to reread Hawthorne. She delineated the man very well, got his politics almost right, but barely did justice to his work.

Writing in 1847, ten years after the publication of Hawthorne's first collection of stories, *Twice-Told Tales*, Edgar Allan Poe complained that, "until lately, it was never the fashion to speak of him in any summary of our best authors." Poe described Hawthorne as a "genius of a very lofty order," whose tales belonged "to the highest region of Art." While he praised Hawthorne's "invention, creation, imagination, originality," he faulted him for insufficient "diversity" in his themes and characters, as well as excessive "melancholy and mysticism." Poe barely understood the man.

Not so Herman Melville. In 1850, he read Hawthorne's second collection of tales, *Mosses From an Old Manse*, published four years before, and was enraptured. The acclaimed author of the enchanting Marquesan adventure *Typee* (1846) wrote a sparkling essay entitled "Hawthorne and His Mosses" full of praise for the Salem-born author. "A man of a deep and noble nature has seized me in this seclusion. His wild witch voice rings through me." What impressed Melville was Hawthorne's psychological depth, his "boundless sympathy with all forms of being," his recognition of the "power of blackness," and his courage, in a "world of lies," to tell the truth about man and his place in a fallen world. Melville had captured the essence of Hawthorne.

The two men became close friends. By the fall of 1850, both were living in the Berkshires. Melville would ride over, and the two would sit for hours smoking cigars, drinking Madeira, talking politics, and discussing literature. Melville was writing *Moby Dick* (1851), and it is certain that Hawthorne's art and conversation imbue that novel. Melville dedicated it to him, "in token of my admiration for his genius." For his part, Hawthorne was one of the few Americans to recognize the novel's greatness. "What a book Melville has written," he wrote to an editor, whom he faulted for not doing justice to the work.

Hawthorne and Melville were, in many ways, out of step with their countrymen, not in a political sense but morally and spiritually. Wineapple relates an appalling contrast. In 1852, Harriet Beecher Stowe's antislavery novel *Uncle Tom's Cabin* sold 300,000 copies, while Hawthorne's *Blithedale Romance*, a cleverly veiled critique of abolitionism and reformism, sold fewer than 7,000. His breakthrough novel, *The Scarlet Letter*, published two years before to critical acclaim, had sold roughly the same. While Howe's melodrama dwelt on the wrongdoing and predicaments of *other* people, Hawthorne wrote of New Englanders, past and present, whose moral earnestness and pride apparently could not abide self-examination. That Hawthorne viewed the Puritans as gloomy, intolerant, and fanatical is well known. What has been overlooked entirely is that he saw them as pharisees whose domineering spirit, shorn of its Calvinist theology, lived on in greater New England.

Melville, believing that the doctrines of total depravity and Original Sin pointed to an irreducible reality of human nature, suggested that "perhaps no writer has ever wielded this terrific thought with greater terror than this same harmless Hawthorne. . . . This black conceit pervades him, through and through." It set him apart from the Transcendentalists, who denied the reality of evil; from reformers who failed to take sin into account in their schemes for world betterment; from popular evangelists such as Charles Grandison Finney, who minimized it; and from Americans of all stripes who regarded sinfulness as a characteristic of other people. A people persuaded of their own righteousness will either seek an escape or a battle. The Puritans did both. They fled to the wilderness, and they reacted violently when anyone intruded upon the purity of their wintry Jerusalem. Their post-Christian descendants did the same.

"Young Goodman Brown" is one of Hawthorne's most-read but least-understood stories. Set in the early history of Massachusetts, it tells of Brown's evening

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journey into the forest to attend a Black Mass. He is shocked to find everyone he knows in attendance—the leaders of the colony, his neighbors, the minister . . . his wife! Brown's rigid distinction between the pious and the ungodly is shattered. When the Devil offers him baptism into the communion of sin, he rejects it. From that night, he becomes "a stern, a sad, a darkly meditative, a distrustful, if not a desperate man," "more conscious of the secret sins of others, both in deed and thought," than of his own.

The traditional interpretation is that Brown has a disordered imagination and an excessively dark view of human nature. Academics today explain that Brown, fearing healthy female sexuality, seeks release in a voyeuristic and orgiastic experience in the woods. Both readings rely on the stereotype of the Puritan as sexually repressed and paranoid. Not so for the author. Hawthorne regarded Brown as the exemplar of the false, self-righteous Christian who refuses to admit his fellowship with other sinners and thus retreats into misanthropy. Others, such as Puritan leader John Endicott, who wrecked the maypole of Merrymount, serve as prototypes for the crusading "enthusiast" of his own day, whose righteous "Idea" leaves him in a state of war with his fellow man.

Hawthorne joined the utopian commune of Brook Farm in the spring of 1841 and remained there six months. The next year, he moved into Ralph Waldo Emerson's former home in Concord, where he conversed with the sage, as well as with Henry David Thoreau, Margaret Fuller, William Ellery Channing, and Bronson Alcott. It was there, in the same house in which Emerson had written his Transcendentalist manifesto *Nature*, that Hawthorne wrote the tales to fill his *Mosses*. The titles alone—"The Hall of Fantasy," "The Celestial Rail-road," "The New Adam and Eve"—tell us what he thought of progressivism.

In "The Earth's Holocaust" (1843), mankind, led by a band of zealous reformers, is seeking to rid the world of all its abuses (*e.g.*, emblems of aristocracy, instruments of capital punishment, weapons of war) by systematically burning them in an enormous fire on the Great Plains. They end up burning the entire heritage of civilization, including its literature. In the eyes of the reformers, all is tainted and must be gotten rid of in order to start over. At each stage of the destruction, dissidents step forward to protest. They are laughed at or ignored. The only thing that does not burn is the Bible, "the pages of which, instead of being blackened into tinder, only assumed a more dazzling whiteness." After the holocaust is spent, a "dark visaged stranger" emerges from the shadows to remark that the ransackers neglected to throw the one thing into the fire whose omission will lead to their whole project having been in vain—the human heart. That surviving, Americans will only go on to reenact the follies and crimes of the past. Hawthorne's is a powerful allegory. America is not exceptional—secure from tragedy, forever innocent, destined for utopia—and never will be.

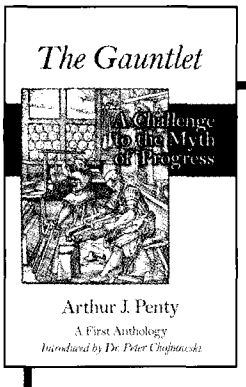
"The Birth-mark" tells the story of a scientist who becomes obsessed with removing a small birthmark from his wife's cheek. Although it did not bother him before their marriage, it becomes loathsome in his eyes, marring her otherwise perfect beauty and symbolizing for him "his wife's liability to sin, sorrow, decay, and death." Effacing it, at any cost, becomes Aylmer's "one idea, the central point of all." Following critical tradition, Wineapple sees Aylmer as a Transcendentalist, but Hawthorne intended him to be an abolitionist. Consider that his wife's name is *Georgiana*, and the rest falls into place. (Aylmer may have been the inspiration for Melville's Captain Ahab, another monomaniac and metaphorical abolitionist.)

Hawthorne's brilliant anti-utopian novel, *The Blithedale Romance*, was based loosely on Brook Farm. Its fictional leader, Hollingsworth, is a zealous philanthropist whose "rigid and unconquerable idea" was the reformation of criminals. The "besetting sin" of such reformers, according to Hawthorne, is that they believe that the importance of their "public ends" justifies setting aside their "private conscience." Hawthorne's progressive acquaintances were not fooled: They believed that he was portraying *them*. It was for stories like these that Russell Kirk added Hawthorne to his pantheon of American conservatives.

Hawthorne and Melville were Democrats when the party was the party of liberty and conservatism, dedicated to leaving things alone and keeping the government in its cage. Neither had truck with abolitionism. Hawthorne's prescription for slavery was forbearance and time. In his 1852 campaign biography of Franklin Pierce, a lifelong and cherished friend, he wrote that slavery was

> one of those evils which Providence does not leave to be remedied by human contrivances, but which . . . by some means impossible to be anticipated . . . when all its uses shall have been fulfilled, it causes to vanish like a dream.

It was a plea for evolution rather than revolution. When progressives lauded John Brown as a martyr after his execution in 1859 for his murderous raid into Virginia, Hawthorne said simply, "Nobody was ever more justly hanged."



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As much as any Southerner, Hawthorne feared the consolidation of power in Washington. He believed it would destroy "the individuality of the states" and, hence, the individuality of New England. Any ambitious federal program, whether to abolish slavery or to subsidize the railroads, would lead to others and eventually "place the capital of our federative Union in a position resembling that of imperial Rome." In 1857, writing from Liverpool, England, where he was serving as American consul, he regretted that "we have no country—at least, none, in the sense in which an Englishman has a country. . . . The States are too various and too extended to form really one country." So, when the Southern states began to secede after Lincoln's election, Hawthorne supported a peaceful separation. "We do not belong together," he wrote in late 1860. "The Union is unnatural, a scheme of man, not an ordinance of God." He would be "glad to exchange the South for Canada," or to see New England join with Nova Scotia and New Brunswick to form a Northeastern confederacy.

By the fall of 1861, Hawthorne argued for fighting only to retain the "Northern slave states" (Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri) and letting the rest go. The July 1862 issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* carried his antiwar essay "Chiefly About War Matters, by a Peaceable Man," in which Hawthorne used the device of editorial footnotes to debunk the censorious spirit of the North. Despite its subtlety and irony, the piece would never have been published had his friend James T. Fields not been the editor. By early 1863, Hawthorne confessed that he "never did really approve of the war"; his greatest wish was that "New England might be a nation by itself." In July of that year, he wrote to a friend that the abolition of slavery could in no way redeem the war because it "could and would have been brought about by a gradual and peaceful change." He also admitted that "I despise the present administration with all my heart." Hawthorne died in 1864.

Wineapple never explores the question of whether Hawthorne was a Christian, yet, in story after story, Hawthorne hints at a physical resurrection, God's mercy, and eternal life as the solution to life's riddles, balm for the suffering, and consolation for the old. "The truly wise," he thought, will eschew enthusiasms for "the common path, and, in homage to the human nature that pervades them, will gather gold, and till the earth, and set out trees, and build a house." Those who are "unable to imagine any but an earthly happiness" can never be happy. Those who hope for eternity, in contrast, can relish the good things of this world—the beauty of nature, the love of a woman, a warm fire, a cup of tea, a glass of wine, close friendships, and family. Hawthorne relished all of these.

H.A. Scott Trask has finished his biography of the northern political economist Condy Raguet and will be devoting this summer and fall to finishing Copperheads and Conservatives: The Northern Opposition to the Civil War.

Sailing to Urbino

by James O. Tate

Urbino: The Story of a Renaissance City
by June Osborne
Chicago: University of Chicago Press; 208 pp., $50.00

◆

William Butler Yeats was not talking about literally sailing to a literal Byzantium in his famous poem, and I know that Urbino is a mountain fastness, not a port. Even so, sailing to Urbino is necessary, and it does not matter how you do it—only that you do. One way to approach Urbino is through the mediation of June Osborne (lecturer, author, art historian, and former research assistant to Ernst Gombrich, the greatest art historian of all time), who has written the first book on Urbino in English.

My own approach to Urbino, as I remember from some four decades ago, was different and accidental. I was reading poetry, and I wanted to understand both the letter and the spirit of what I was reading.

> And Guidobaldo, when he made
> That grammar school of courtesies
> Where wit and beauty learned
> their trade
> Upon Urbino's windy hill,
> Had sent no runners to and fro
> That he might learn the shepherds'
> will.

These lines, and others from the poem "To a Wealthy Man who promised a Second Subscription to the Dublin Municipal Gallery if it were proved the People wanted Pictures," were inspired by the Italian Renaissance in general and Castiglione's *Il Cortegiano* (*The Book of the Courtier*, 1528) in particular, as Yeats meditated on the clash between artistic ideals and democratic politics in the Dublin of 1913. Castiglione's beautiful book meant much to Yeats, as in his poem "The People," where Urbino is cited again, as an image and an ideal of community and aristocratic life. Yeats' citations and passionate devotion are one way to approach Castiglione, who, of course, set his superb dialogues in Urbino, whose court was, in his informed opinion, the finest and the most cultivated in Europe.

By the time Castiglione wrote of it, that court's best years were already becoming a memory; it was to fix that memory forever that Castiglione made his book. The great courtiers died as he inscribed, but the memory of the culture he had known in the ducal court of Urbino became for Europe an ideal of the good life. The High Renaissance spread to France through the influence of Castiglione, who had known François I, who is cited in his book, before he became king. And through Hoby's translation of 1561, the image of the Renaissance man was fixed in England by such examples as Sir Philip Sidney, the man of letters who died as a soldier, and the tragic Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, who was trapped in an unworthy court.

June Osborne has taken for her subject not the glorious book but the reality that inspired it, its roots in the Roman dispensation and the medieval period, and the flowering under the leadership of Guidobaldo's father, Frederico da Montefeltro, count and then duke of Urbino, who assumed power in 1444 and died in 1482. A highly successful *condottiere*, Frederico made a lot of money for decades both by fighting and by not fighting. He knew what to do with his wealth—his leadership and patronage were what made Urbino both a glorious reality and a legend.

Duke Frederico was and is a supreme example of an enlightened monarch. He stayed in close touch with the people he ruled and was not at all grand in his style of address. He said that the secret of leadership was "*essere umano*,"—to be human, and also to be humane. We find this humanity in his personality, in his patronage, and in his social relations. His household amounted to 500

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people, including 45 counts; four teachers of grammar, logic, and philosophy; two dancing masters; two fencing masters; two organists; eight masters of horse; and one "Keeper of the Camel-leopard" (or giraffe). My favorite work of art at the palace is Frederico's bed, but there were more glamorous accomplishments. Artists who worked at Urbino in his time included Justus of Ghent, Piero della Francesca, and Paolo Uccello; later, Raphael and Titian painted portraits of the dukes and duchesses of Urbino. Though it is impossible to overlook such distinguished contributions, even such a level of achievement is not quite the supreme plane on which the measure of Urbino may be attempted.

The Ducal Palace and its integration into the town says much about the social cohesion of that community in its greatest days. The luminous beauty of the stonework and the siting of the town itself all speak to something more grand even than great works of art—I mean the vision of Urbino as an exalted image of the ideal community, of the Yeatsian Unity of Being. Castiglione alluded to Plato and Aristotle in his dialogues; Duke Frederico was a patron of learning who amassed a superb library and whose Studiolo was decorated with pictures of the masters of learning and wisdom, such as Moses and Solomon, Homer and Virgil, Boethius and St. Thomas Aquinas.

Now having said so much, let me add that "to be human" means also to be flawed. The glory of Urbino had its source in revenues derived from violence, and there remains the possibility (if no more) that Frederico's accession to the throne may have implied his own foreknowledge of the assassination of his half-brother, Oddantonio. And I will add that, although the synagogue in Urbino is centrally located and Jews were a notable part of the town's commercial life, the antisemitic *predella*, *The Profanation of the Host* by Uccello, can only be accounted a perversely twisted product of the imagination and an unworthy, because groundless and cruel, subject for art.

To me, the best thing about Urbino is its scale. In this, it is truly human, for not being monumentally overbearing. Urbino lives on in its beauty and in its university, founded by Guidobaldo in the early 16th century. We need to maintain contact with Urbino if we wish to maintain a connection with our own beleaguered humanity. For helping us to do that in all the fullness of the tale and in the splendor of its illustrations, we must be obliged to June Osborne and her colleagues.

James O. Tate is a professor of English at Dowling College on Long Island.

A Brief History of Evil

by Fr. Michael P. Orsi

Evil in Modern Thought: An Alternative History of Philosophy
by Susan Neiman
Princeton: Princeton University Press; 358 pp., $29.95

◆

The problem of evil has confounded humans throughout history. Philosophers and theologians have perennially constructed systems and myths to assuage the perception of the contingency of life. Religious belief, at least in Western civilization, usually filled in the gaps between the "ought" and the "is" that conflicted in the minds of those affected by the calamity caused by natural evil, or so-called acts of God. For Jews and Christians, Original Sin and the break it caused within the moral order also disrupted the natural order; this concept provided a systemic understanding of why evil exists. For Christians, the Resurrection is the proleptic fulfillment of mankind's hope that the moral "ought" is on its way to rectification, making life bearable. With the Enlightenment, however, the world became disenchanted. It relied on science to solve man's problems, and, when this failed, philosophers eventually accepted the futility of existence and proclaimed the death of God. For postmodern men, neither traditional belief nor "modern thought" is acceptable, according to Susan Neiman. She contends, rather, that both solutions fail to satisfy the man who wishes to know not only why evil exists but how to control it.

Neiman identifies two crises in history that reflect breaks with the dominant worldview of the time. The first was the metaphysical disconnect between human behavior and so-called acts of God, Who had previously been believed to control the natural realm, effecting good or ill in response to human behavior. The second denied moral evil, when philosophers could no longer discover the necessary human intention in the perpetration of human evil acts, *e.g.*, murder, theft, adultery. Neiman dates the first of these dislocations from a 13th-century earthquake that devastated Lisbon and for which, despite the accusations of the clergy, the reprobate King Alfonso refused to take responsibility. The second, she believes, was produced by Auschwitz, where "the banality of evil" seemed to negate evil intentions and, therefore, responsibility for the consequences of evil actions.

Inspired by the cataclysmic events of September 11, Neiman challenges the Kantian dualism that separates the ideal from the real world. She also shows that the pessimism of Nietzche and Freud is contrary to human experience. Neiman posits instead a theodicy of hope, which she believes is constitutive of human experience and necessary for human survival. For her, September 11 was an apocalyptic moment. The truths to be learned from it, she believes, are essential to understanding the precariousness of contemporary human life and to making life more intelligible and more secure in the future. Neiman sees the events of that date—whose causes and damages so resembled the destructiveness of nature (acts of God) but were nevertheless born of human intention—as the rejoining of metaphysical and moral evil.

Although Neiman does not posit a transcendent source of meaning for the world, she seems to move in the direction of a "god within humans" who may now, through a shared will for a more just and humane world, construct the reality of it. While this is not the stuff of religion, it does reintroduce the idea that there is more to the world than meets the eye. Besides achieving a wonderful exposé of the inadequacy of modern thought from Kant to Rawls, Neiman's book provides the reader with useful insights and a reinforced faith in humanity. The acceptance of nonscientific truth by postmodern philosophy may lead some to go further in searching out the root of those myths that give structure and meaning to life. Here, Christianity remains a realistic possibility for a world in search of hope. Certainly, Neiman's book will give, short of faith, a glimmer of hope for those seeking to comprehend the tragedy of September 11.

Fr. Michael P. Orsi is a research fellow in law and religion at Ave Maria School of Law in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

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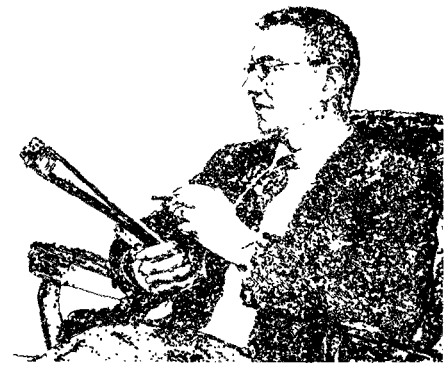
by Scott P. Richert

Last Ride



Every city needs cemeteries, and not just for the obvious reason. Like public buildings and monuments, they are a visible—and spiritual—link to the city's past, a reminder that others have traveled the path that we trod, and still others will follow in our footsteps. Placed prominently on the edge of residential or commercial areas or alongside churches, they, like the church on a hill so common in Midwestern towns, lift our thoughts from the merely mundane and help us to focus on the most permanent of the permanent things.

The pious—by which I do not necessarily mean *religious*—practice of visiting cemeteries has all but disappeared. Just a few blocks west of our house sit two of Rockford's largest and oldest burial grounds, Greenwood Cemetery—the final resting place of world-famous Egyptologist (and Rockford native) James Henry Breasted—and the Catholic cemetery now known as St. Mary's/St. James. On most days, you can wander either without seeing another living person. While both are well kept, there are relatively few flowers or other ornaments placed on graves, and not simply because of increasingly draconian rules designed to minimize the amount of time needed to mow the cemeteries (and, thus, eliminate the need for full-time caretakers).

Cemetery visitation has dwindled for a variety of reasons. The descendants of the dead have often, in another sense, passed away, victims of economic necessity or simply the American spirit of restlessness. Walking among the tombstones in St. Mary's/St. James, I recognize names of families who still play prominent roles in Rockford—Lorden, Gambino, Morrissey, Vecchio, Goral, Sweeney, Castrogiovanni, Doran—but others (Kuchefski, Lapinskas, Wrzosek) seem to have disappeared. One of the most prominent names, scattered throughout the cemetery, is Pendergast; today, there is only one Pendergast listed in the Rockford phone book.

Unlike many modern cemeteries, St. Mary's/St. James makes extensive use of family plots, with a large central monument bearing the family name surrounded by the graves, marked with individual gravestones, of family members. The largest plot belongs to the Schmauss family, whose patriarch, Leonard Sr., was born September 29, 1825, in Schnaidtach, Germany, the birthplace as well of his wife, Margaret. They rest here, in front of the family monument, with 43 of their descendants and their spouses. There is room in the plot for perhaps five or ten more graves. But there are no more Schmausses in Rockford.

Mobility is not the only reason fewer people visit cemeteries. Religious piety continues to decline, and the attitude of many—if not most—people, on those rare occasions when they think of those who have gone before, seems to be a perverted reading of Longfellow's line from "A Psalm of Life": "Let the dead Past bury its dead." But natural piety—the eternal contract between generations written on the souls of men—is vanishing as well, and not simply because we are rootless, unchurched, or too busy to visit cemeteries but, in significant part, because of deliberate and largely successful attempts over the last century to erase men's ties of kinship and to replace them with an abstract devotion to the nation-state.

Because of a number of factors, not the least of which is the size of the United States, non-Anglo-Saxon European ethnic groups have historically remained segregated—often physically, but certainly ethnically—and, thus, tended to perpetuate their own cultures, traditions, and even languages rather than assimilate to the broader British culture that, between the framing of the Constitution and the Civil War, served as the basis of an emerging American nation. Overall, this was not a curse but a blessing, a true and beneficial diversity reflecting that of Europe, but it came to a rather abrupt end in the early 20th century, particularly in the era between the two World Wars. The Yankee ruling class at that time was facing its own declining birthrate, and at least some of its members were developing an unhealthy obsession with eugenics and with imposing birth control on non-Anglo-Saxons. This was precisely the moment when the American ruling class decided to launch a campaign to "Americanize" the non-Anglo-Saxon European ethnic groups who had stubbornly stuck to their roots. Because the ethnic vitality of the ruling class which they were presumably to take as their model had itself begun to decline, the experiment was likely doomed to failure from the beginning.

The campaign had two prongs—stripping ethnic groups of their attachment to their European roots and grafting them on to new, Anglo-American stock—and it failed precisely because the first of those prongs succeeded all too well. True national identities are not abstractions; they develop slowly, organically. They are the result of shared experience; of a common language, which implies close contact with one another; of common food, shared over a long time, which historically has required a certain lack of mobility and an attachment to a particular piece of land. National identities are a result, too, of a common faith, one not simply professed but lived, and of a shared history and storytelling.

The proponents of Americanization understood all of this, but, with true Yankee efficiency, they believed that such elements could be manufactured in a relatively short time and imparted through public education. Why wait for an overarching national identity to develop organically, especially if that might mean that some of the elements of that identity would come disproportionately from non-Yankees? For instance, with the influx of Southern and Eastern European immigration in the early 20th century, before the immigration acts of 1921 and 1924, Catholicism was becoming a larger force in American life—and this was not the staid English Catholicism of Maryland or the refined French Catholicism that was confined largely to Louisiana but a robust, earthy, peasant Catholicism, reeking of garlic and bursting with babies, and that simply

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would not do.

It is relatively easy, in a modern, affluent, industrial society with a strong public-school system, to strip people of their ethnic identities. With the proper advertising, you can even make them want to do it to themselves. Hence, the "three-generation" pattern of assimilation among immigrants to America, which was not a natural phenomenon but, historically, was tied to this campaign. And the upheaval and regimentation of two World Wars helped to speed the process along. Once the first prong has been a success, however, how do you impose a new identity on deracinated ethnic groups, especially when your own sense of identity has begun to wane?

The simple answer is, *You don't.* You can teach them English and make them disdain their mother tongues; you can force them to memorize the Pledge of Allegiance; you can spin for them a history of America worthy of a Judge Roy Moore speech; but none of this can substitute for the organic development of a national identity over time.

The Americanization campaign of the early 20th century left Americans of European descent unprepared for the multicultural invasion that the same ruling class unleashed with the Immigration Act of 1965. The problem posed by the massive numbers of new ethnic groups introduced into the United States over the past 40 years is not so much that their cultures clash with ours; it is that they *have* cultures—vibrant ones, with particular food and stories and music that both appeal to and stem from their ethnic identities—and most Americans of European stock (except those who are themselves recent immigrants) no longer do. The lust for the alien is a perpetual temptation of the human soul; that temptation only becomes stronger when the alien seems to be more truly alive than you are—even if that sense of life comes at the expense of, say, civilized behavior or Christian morality. We often fault the entertainment media for presenting as desirable and virtuous everyone but straight white European Americans, but we should not discount the possibility that they push multiculturalism not simply out of leftist commitments but out of a recognition that the alien sells—especially to straight white European Americans.

While the massive flood of immigrants over the past 40 years was, by itself, probably enough to undercut the possibility of a coherent national identity emerging from the ashes of Americanization, it has had secondary effects that have made that possibility into an improbability. More and more Americans find that they cannot stay in one place even if they want to, partly as a result of the economic upheaval caused by mass immigration—not to mention white flight caused by such things as crime and federal desegregation lawsuits, like the one Rockford's schools suffered under for 13 years. Add to that the ideology of free trade—the flip side of immigrationism—and the average American finds it harder and harder to put down roots in one place. Without those roots, however, the only culture he is likely to pass down to his children will be that of AOL Time Warner and Disney/ABC, and his religion will be based, in practice if not in theory, on the worship of the unholy trinity of Microsoft, Wal-Mart, and McDonald's.

Language, food, history—elements of any true ethnic or national identity—are bound by their nature to a particular place. Cut a man's ties to that place, and you make it much harder for him to understand who he is and where he comes from. He begins thinking of himself in terms of abstractions—or, worse yet, not thinking of himself at all but letting himself get lost in the shimmering electrons of his television or computer screen, the modern equivalent of the firewater that American Indians used to drown themselves after their identities were shattered by their removal from their land.

For several months now, I have walked past a rundown house just off North Main Street, a few blocks up from the offices of *Chronicles*. Out front, on the crumbling sidewalk, someone has spray-painted in black the words "Last Ride." The first time I saw the graffiti, it sent a chill down my spine. Who had written it? What does it mean? Is it a warning to the people who live in the house? Had they written it? Is it some sort of nihilistic goth-punk meditation on the futility of life?

This morning, walking to work, I turned a corner, and the house came into view. And suddenly, I had the answer, because there, standing on that broken piece of sidewalk, was a crowd of children waiting to board the District 205 school bus that had just pulled up. As I watched them, I realized I was laughing in relief. *This was the last place to pick up the bus before it left the neighborhood*—that's all that it had meant.

And then, I stopped short. Before me, I realized, was a pretty representative cross-sample of young Rockfordians, in various shades of black and brown, yellow and white. (Fewer white, of course, both in sheer numbers and compared with their percentage in the population of Rockford as a whole, since the desegregation lawsuit had succeeded in bringing "racial balance" to Rockford's public schools largely by encouraging whites to pull their children out.) My sense of foreboding returned.

For these children, this really is their last ride—not, God willing, in the sense of a physical Columbine (though, unless things change drastically in Rockford's public schools, there will be one of those some day) but of a spiritual one. Day after day, they board that bus, which takes them to crumbling brick warehouses scattered throughout the city, where everything that distinguishes them from one another—the good much more so than the bad—is beaten out of them. Their sense of self is shaped by a curriculum that is as bland and unappetizing—and as unrelated to who they are and where they have come from—as the institutional slop that they are fed at lunch.

Compared to public education today, even the Americanization campaign of the early 20th century seems desirable. Despite the destruction it wrought, despite its failure to inculcate a new national identity, at least those who championed the campaign believed in the possibility and the desirability of a national identity. What do those who ethnically cleanse these children believe in? At best, an abstract equality, the global market, self-esteem shorn of anything that might contribute to a true sense of self. For 12 years, these children will ride in their yellow hearses to their mausoleums, and, at the end of it, they will be individuals—in other words, human beings stripped of all that makes men *men*—good consumers in the global economy, cannon fodder for some future war to spread democracy and human rights.

As the bus drove away, and I stepped over the words "Last Ride" one more time, I realized that I was mistaken. The public schools aren't mausoleums, which, like the cemeteries they stand in, are visible signs of our belief in the resurrection of the body. They are crematoria—in Christian societies, a sign of defiance or despair, a rejection of anything beyond our material existence. And the buses—the buses are boxcars.

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by Andrei Navrozov

Playing With Beauty

If I seem to have become obsessed with the isomorphism of love and gambling, it is because, like an unexpected number in roulette on a particularly hazardous night, the subject just keeps coming up. Wherever I look, whether to a work of imaginative literature or to a story from real life, at once I note the love interest; and no sooner do I see it than I interpret it in gaming terms, finding in its outline the same mysterious shapes that have brought generations of serious men to ruin at Monte Carlo, Deauville, or Bad Homburg. Hence these interminable lucubrations.

The unabridged text of the infamous letter of nearly a novel's length written by Oscar Wilde to Lord Alfred Douglas from prison at Reading, excerpts from which I read in my youth in Russia as *De Profundis*, has been printed in a facsimile edition by the British Library and can be found in *The Complete Letters of Oscar Wilde*. The book contains photographs. The one remarkable aspect of the Douglas affair that these images illustrate is the indisputable physical beauty of Wilde's lover and nemesis. I cannot tell whether my saying so will render that judgment more objective, but the young man's face seems to have been made up of fleeting likenesses to the leading actress of the day, the diva Lillie Langtry.

This is important because, obviously, in order to follow the mesmeric twists and turns of a love affair (such as those, for instance, in Hitchcock's *Vertigo*), one must be persuaded that the attraction (such as that felt by a convulsed James Stewart for the *semper idem* of Kim Novak in her little gray suit) is plausible in the first place. And, in this strange case of more than 100 years ago, I am. I understand that Wilde was smitten and, in a rare leap of faith over the apparently insurmountable barrier separating heterosexual from homosexual sentiment, I even understand why. As for Wilde himself, in writing to his literary executor, he acknowledged that the unsent letter is "the only document that really gives any explanation of my extraordinary behaviour."

Now, anybody who in his tender years ingested even a schoolboy's modicum of the Edwardian paradox-monger's aesthetics will know exactly what I mean when I say that, for Wilde the artist, beauty lay at the center of everything. In fact, notwithstanding his well-documented preference for capitalizing the words beginning with *t*'s and *h*'s—apparently because he liked the way these looked in his handwriting—his beauty-centered worldview obliged him to spell *beauty* invariably with an initial capital. Yet the letter to Douglas, harvesting what he perceives as the poisonous fruit of the four-year liaison between them, is, for the most part, an hysterical catalogue of Douglas's alleged misdemeanors.

"You gambled with my life, as you gambled with my money," the Reading prisoner, long declared bankrupt, goes on, "carelessly, recklessly, indifferent to the consequence." Indeed, as is often the case with love of the remembered kind, much bitterness attaches to the collection and recollection of expenses incurred, of gestures unappreciated, of kindnesses unrequited. "Between the autumn of 1892 and the date of my imprisonment I spent with you and on you more than £5000 in actual money"—something like one million dollars today. When, in a Brighton hotel, Douglas came down with the flu, "I got special grapes from London for you, as you did not care for those the hotel supplied." Another time, he whines, "you insisted on my taking you to Monte Carlo, of all revolting places on God's earth, that all day, and all night as well, you might gamble" while "I was left alone outside to myself." As for their famous dinners at the Savoy, what with "the clear turtle-soup, the luscious ortolans wrapped in their crinkled Sicilian vine-leaves, the heavy amber-coloured, indeed almost amber-scented champagne—Dagonet 1880, I think, was your favourite wine," these extravagances "all have still to be paid for."

How to reconcile the persona of the prophet of Beauty, the scourge of Philistinism, and the martyr of Art with the tenor of this missive, which, to my ears, bears an uncanny resemblance to the family-court lamentation of some pasty-faced American girl with glasses who has put her husband through medical school only to have the future Marcus Welby, M.D., dump her for a roller-skating Mexican waitress named Lola? The answer, I think, is this. Temperamentally and intellectually, Oscar Wilde may have been many things, but he was no gambler.

Wistfully, he speaks of his frustrating "efforts" to "keep Love as the dominant note of my nature." Would a gambler so bemoan his efforts to stay awake in a casino at 5 A.M.? No, only the gambler understands that his love—and, by extrapolation, *all* love—is as infinitely demanding as it is absolutely effortless. One may draw a parallel with good breeding, with tact, with manners. Would it occur to a man of the world to complain that, during the previous four years of his life, he has held the door open for women on 4,342 occasions and that, furthermore, his prodigious consideration has passed all but unnoticed? Would that make him rebel? Demand appreciation? Write wounded letters? "Its joy," Wilde writes of love, "like the joy of the intellect, is to feel itself alive." Why, then, does he not put his mouth where his money is, or was? Why does he wheeze about losing, about having lost, about never winning?

The other night, I went to the casino with £800. Two hours later, with my last fifty straight up on the number, 26 finally came. Then, like a summer storm out of a cloudless sky, it came again. Then 0, then 15, then all the zero neighbors. Twenty minutes later, feeling the heavenly smoothness of each biscuit, one by one, with the fingers of my left hand inside my jacket pocket, I counted that I had £9,000. Another 20 minutes passed, and the pocket was empty. Only the keys, a cigarette lighter, and some loose thread. As I was leaving, one of the managers came up and whispered in consolation: "Mr. Navrozov, you should've quit." I jiggled the keys in my pocket. "Sean," I said, "you know perfectly well that we don't come here to make money. Those of us who do should have their heads examined. But for a few hundred pounds I've just had the joy of losing to you the princely sum of £10,000. What more can I ask?"

If Wilde had so reasoned, he would not have ended up in the slammer. Now *that's* a paradox. c

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Letter From Paris

by Curtis Cate

Islam in France

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When the French historians of our epoch apply their magnifying glasses to the momentous developments of the first two months of this year, most of them, I think, are likely to conclude that the decisive factor leading to the historic National Assembly vote of February 10—when a massive majority of 494 deputies, compared with only 36 opposed (with 31 abstentions), voted to ban the wearing of "manifestly ostensible" religious insignia in state schools—was an instinctive, gut reaction to an act of Islamic provocation that had occurred three weeks before.

The French, as is well known, are a people of *rouspéteurs*, of viscerally constituted malcontents and gripers, ever ready to "descend into the street" in order to give public expression to their grievances. So ingrained a national habit has this desire to let off sonorous steam become that, nowadays, hardly a week goes by in Paris without the staging of one or more demonstrations—regarded by the police as a sacrosanct "right" enjoyed by French citizens—which effectively tie traffic into static knots on major boulevards and streets on both sides of the Seine. Compared with the huge turnouts that disgruntled schoolteachers, railway and other trade-union workers, public functionaries, overworked hospital nurses, ecologists, environmentalists, and antinuclear Greens of every kind, as well as small armies of the unemployed eager to protest the plight of homeless immigrants are capable of mobilizing—with banner-waving cohorts that may involve more than 100,000 chanting or vociferating participants—the demonstration organized in Paris by Muslim militants on January 17, which is estimated to have mobilized little more than 7,000, was, in terms of numbers, relatively unimportant. What shocked so many Parisians and millions of TV viewers, however, was the sight of carefully segregated ranks of headscarved girls and women who, while chanting the now classic refrain—"*Ni frère, ni mari, le foulard on l'a choisi!*" ("Neither brother nor husband, the scarf we have chosen")—were "protected" on both flanks by a masculine *service d'ordre* and led by a megaphone-wielding, antisemitic rabble-rouser named Mohamed Latrèche, the founder and leader of the Parti des Musulmans de France, who repeatedly denounced President Jacques Chirac and robustly declared (among other things) that those "who insult us must be terrorized politically."

If the wearing of the headscarf had been an isolated phenomenon, the problem might have been solved on an informal school-by-school basis—which was more or less the attitude of "conciliation" adopted in this controversy by French Catholic bishops. In fact, however, the wearing of the headscarf was simply the opening wedge of an increasingly insidious Islamic assault on France's contemporary *mode de vie*—now including, for example, the demand that school gymnasiums and swimming pools be strictly segregated. In a word, it at last began to dawn on "moderate" French politicians—whether Socialists or conservatives—that what they were now confronted with was nothing less than a subversive Islamic offensive aimed at turning the clock of "progress" back by reestablishing the subordinate role of women in French society, by challenging values which, in sport as in so much else, the French, like their European neighbors, have inherited from the ancient Greeks.

(It is interesting to note that, in April 1998, replying to a question raised by Jean-Pierre Chevènement, at that time France's minister of the interior, Sheikh Muhammad Sayed Tantawi, the supreme imam of the Al-Azhar university mosque in Cairo, declared that, if "the French state regards the wearing of the veil in the lycées to be contrary to its traditions, it has the right to do so," adding that "the most important thing for our religion is that a Moslem woman be decently clad.")

Fascinating in the variety of their nuances though so many French opinions on this controversial subject were, it is fair to say that many of the debates produced more heat than light. Nothing, indeed, more dramatically illustrated the widespread ignorance of—not to say the casual indifference to—basic Muslim realities on the part of both politicians and the general public than the extraordinary vagueness of the existing demographic estimates. The reason for this—a typical illustration of the multicultural "drift" that has so often been the driving ideological force behind all-too-casual French "thinking" about problems of Muslim immigration—is that, in 1972, the French government, in a clumsy effort to clear itself of the slightest suspicion of being "racist," decreed that henceforth in census-taking, no specific reference would be made to an individual's ethnic origin or religious faith. As a result, there are simply no reliable statistics as to exactly how many Muslims are presently living in France.

When, recently, Nicolas Sarkozy—the bustling minister of the interior who has been tireless in his efforts to establish a working consensus between the present French government and the diverse religious factions that divide members of the Islamic "community"—declared that there are "5 to 6 million Moslems in France," he may well have been guilty of exaggeration: Even though his motives were radically different from those of Jean-Marie Le Pen, who regularly trots out the figure of eight million to back up his claim that "aliens" such as these constitute a major menace to a traditionally Catholic country and should—many if not most of them—be sent back to their lands of origin.

Last December, French demographer Michèle Tribalat created a minor sensation by openly challenging the usually accepted figure of five to six million Muslims in the weekly magazine *L'Express*. According to her calculations, undertaken on the basis of a "family survey" involving 390,480 persons, the real figure is closer to 3.7 million, not all of whom are practicing Muslims. She cited a survey, dating from 1992, which revealed that 30 percent of adults aged 20 to 29 and born of two Muslim parents declared that they had no religious affiliation. In another survey, conducted three years later, only one third of the "presumed" Muslims interviewed declared that they regularly attended the Friday service at a mosque.

How have the figures evolved since then? No one apparently knows, the subject being still enveloped in a demographic fog. What, on the other hand, is all too well known has been the catastrophic decline in Catholic fervor and

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attendance. In 1950, Michèle Tribalat pointed out, 40 percent of French men and women still claimed to be regular churchgoers. Today, the figure has declined to eight percent of France's "Catholic population." Of the 40,000 parishes that exist, only one in four now boasts a resident priest. The Muslims may have only 900 mosques—with 600 more sheds, garages, depots, and cellars of various kinds that serve as makeshift houses of worship—but they tend to be filled on Fridays. It is this troubling awareness of religious weakness, as opposed to what is regarded, rightly or wrongly, as a dynamic, increasingly aggressive, and demanding faith, that explains the growing alarm that is now felt by many French men and women who are not themselves churchgoers.

Last March, in a characteristically bold move, Nicolas Sarkozy turned up at a huge Muslim jamboree staged in the giant hangars of the onetime Le Bourget Airport, north of Paris. The unexpected appearance of the minister of the interior was enthusiastically cheered by many of the headscarved Muslim women present, but when, in an impromptu speech, Sarkozy bravely declared that, to obtain identity cards, they would have to observe the prevailing rules for everyone and have themselves photographed bareheaded, he was almost booed off the podium.

Though presently regarded as the most popular politician in France, Sarkozy has been criticized for wishing to move too fast—not least of all in dealing with France's Islamic dilemma. In a devastating book—*La République des lâches* (*The Republic of Cowards*)—criticizing France's politicians for 40 years of successive vacillations and shortsighted ineptitudes in dealing with the problems posed by Islam in France, Rachid Kaci, himself of Algerian Kabyle origin, likened the various warring factions of the Muslim "community" in France to a veritable "witches' cauldron." Sarkozy was thus recklessly overconfident in believing that he could improve matters by establishing a genuine working relationship between the French government and France's Muslim "community" by creating a Conseil français du culte musulman (French Council for the Muslim Cult). Officially headed by Dalil Boubakeur, rector of the Muslim Institute of Paris's Grand Mosque, this 41-member supreme council was supposed to reflect his "moderate" views. When close to 4,000 qualified representatives from 995 different mosques and places of worship all over France had cast their votes, however, it became distressingly apparent that, with only five supporters, Boubakeur had been overwhelmed by a Moroccan-backed National Federation (16 seats) and even more portentously for the long-term future by the so-called Union des Organisations islamiques de France (with 14 seats), known to be closely linked to Europe's tentacular Muslim Brotherhood and financed by Saudi Arabia.

Not surprisingly, the supreme council vigorously deplored the "spirit and general tone" of the report that the 20-man presidential commission appointed to examine the issue finally published, after six months of interviews and deliberations, shortly before Christmas. As Thierry Portes pointed out in a *Figaro* commentary, whereas the entire thrust of the Stasi Commission's report was to have the state assure absolute neutrality toward all forms of religious faith in the administration of its public schools, what the leaders of the council wanted was a form of "*laïcité*" (a "secular setup") in which each religious community could go on asserting its essential difference—in other words, precisely that tendency to place one's religious allegiance above one's loyalty to France that Prime Minister Jean-Pierre Raffarin had denounced as early as the previous May as a deplorable form of divisive "*communautarisme*."

In a politely worded article published in the January 21 issue of *Le Monde*, Bernard Stasi—a liberal Catholic of mixed Italian and Cuban parentage—took Pope John Paul II gently to task for having indirectly suggested that France was one of those European countries which had been manifesting an "attitude that could imperil an effective respect for freedom of religion":

> A law that prohibits students at school from wearing overly blatant religious insignia cannot, it seems to me, be regarded as an attack on freedom of religion.
>
> In France, as in other countries, the school is the place where children, where adolescents are taught the principles, the values upon which the unity of the nation is founded, irrespective of ethnic, spiritual, and political differences.
>
> It is thus normal, and indeed desirable, that within school precincts the symbols of those differences, no matter how respectable they may be, should to a certain extent be muted.
>
> It is thus in the best conditions that the apprenticeship of citizenship is effected, it is thus that a nation's unity is forged.

This was also—though Stasi did not say so explicitly—a repudiation of the fateful step taken by France's prestigious Council of State in October 1979, when, reacting to the first headscarf "scandal"—the exclusion of three headscarf-wearing schoolgirls in the town of Creil, north of Paris—it decided to "reverse" what up till then had been official French policy by siding with the "victims," in the now clearly mistaken belief that this act of multicultural appeasement would restore peace and harmony to French public schools.

Curtis Cate is the author of four biographies, the most recent devoted to Friedrich Nietzsche.

LIBERAL ARTS

YOUR LOSS IS THEIR GAIN

"U.S. manufacturing jobs have been going abroad for decades. Now, however, workers in a wide range of other fields—from accounting to electrical engineering—are discovering that their jobs aren't immune from offshore outsourcing. . . .

"The benefits to the U.S. economy are obvious: prices move lower for consumers and profits rise for corporations. As for U.S. workers displaced by outsourcing, they are—once displaced—able to move to other more-productive, higher value-added activities.

"The benefits to India are also evident. India's National Association of Software and Service Companies estimates that more than 300,000 white-collar jobs serving overseas clients have been created in the country since 2000. But more importantly the salaries of the most sought-after workers are surging, offsetting the cost savings that lure U.S. companies overseas. In other words, outsourcing is also raising the standard of living of foreign workers."

—*from "Outsourcing Is the American Way" by Victor A. Canto,* National Review Online *(April 6)*

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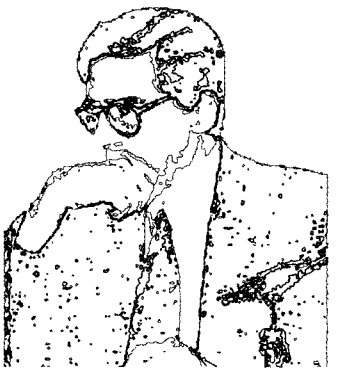
by Srdja Trifkovic

The Victory of Fear in Spain



If, as appears certain, Islamic terrorists planted the bombs that killed over 200 commuters and wounded 1,400 others on Madrid's trains on March 11, the operation was singularly successful in achieving its political objectives.

Until that morning, the Popular Party (PP) government of the former prime minister José Maria Aznar looked poised to win the general election scheduled for March 14. The ruling party's candidate, Mariano Rajoy, led most polls by three to four percentage points, and the PP had even hoped to retain its outright majority in the 350-member Congress of Deputies (Cortes).

When, one day after the attacks, the suspected Islamic connection became known, the mood of the nation turned violently against Aznar. His support for President George W. Bush in the war in Iraq—hugely unpopular to start with—came to be seen as the cause of the attack. Aznar was accused not only of having unnecessarily exposed the country to danger from Islamic militants but of cynically accusing the Basque separatist group ETA—and minimizing the Islamic connection in the immediate aftermath of the attack—in order to avoid that kind of blame. Demonstrations initially staged to protest the attacks soon turned into antigovernment rallies, with protesters chanting "Aznar, terrorist" and carrying posters of Aznar flanked by Mr. Bush and Prime Minister Tony Blair with the caption "We pay the price!"

The mood swing produced the greatest electoral upset since Spain returned to a multiparty system in the aftermath of General Franco's death almost three decades ago. The Socialist Workers' Party and its radical allies easily won a majority of seats in the Cortes with 43 percent of the vote; the PP received 38 percent. The Socialists immediately pledged to withdraw the Spanish contingent of 1,400 soldiers from Iraq, and new prime minister Jose Luis Rodriguez Zapatero left no doubt that Aznar's "special relationship" with Washington was at an end: My government will maintain cordial relations with all the governments of the world, he said, "and of course with the United States." In victory, he remained scathing about Bush, saying that he and Tony Blair should engage in some "reflection and self-criticism" about the "lies" that led to the war in Iraq.

The left was ecstatic. *El Pais* gleefully noted that "the decision to take Spain into the Iraq war [has] been soundly rejected by the electorate." *El Mundo* called the outcome "an electoral debacle" for the PP and the price for "Aznar's grave error in placing himself under the banner of Bush." Even the conservative press conceded that a decisive factor in the socialist victory was the perception among many voters that Aznar "compromised us in an unjust war in Iraq in close alliance with the US."

As always, the left was missing the point. Aznar may have been mistaken to dispatch Spanish troops to Iraq. His attempt to grandstand, together with Tony Blair, as Washington's staunchest European ally admittedly verged on the pathetic. Nevertheless, no reasonable and patriotic Spaniard should rejoice in the fact that a terrorist attack materially contributed to the outcome of an election. This may only encourage the followers of *jihad* to plot fresh outrages, in Spain and elsewhere, or merely to threaten terrorist attacks until a country's policy has changed to suit their preferences. A collective terrorist blackmail on a grand scale may well be in the cards next: Quit Basra, say, or one of Heathrow's terminals is reduced to rubble

The clues implicating Islamic terrorists date back to a videotaped message released last October, apparently by Osama bin Laden, in which Spain was singled out as one of the countries that would be attacked "at the appropriate time and place." (The CIA later said that the tape was probably authentic.) In a subsequent wave of deadly bombings in Morocco, the Spanish cultural center in Casablanca was hit with particular ferocity. Then came a document in Arabic attributed to Al Qaeda, prepared last December and subsequently leaked to the press, that suggested that the network was planning an attack in Spain just before the elections. The 50-page booklet, *Iraq al-Jihad*, identified Spain as the weakest link in the U.S.-led coalition and claimed that she "could not tolerate more than two or three attacks without having to withdraw its troops from Iraq." The document stated the group's view that, "after these blows, the victory of the Socialist Party will be almost guaranteed."

As soon as the news of the Socialist victory reached Washington, the Bush administration warned Spain and other European countries that to waver in the fight against global terrorism would be a "catastrophe," but Zapatero so far seems unimpressed. Secretary of State Colin Powell said he hoped that Spain's new leaders would not shrink from our "collective responsibility to go after terrorists wherever they surface." National Security Advisor Condoleezza Rice went a step further by saying that to back down from the fight against terrorism after the Madrid bombings would be to play into the hands of terrorists. She told NBC's *Meet the Press* that the world should never fall for "the notion that we would be better off just to sit back" and let the terrorists grow.

In this instance, the Bush administration's fears are justified: Islamic militants will see the defeat of the Popular Party and the Socialists' intended withdrawal from Iraq as victories for their cause. The election upset in Spain will be seen as the first time Islamic militants have toppled a Western government by killing civilians, which will only encourage further attacks. Quite apart from the desirability of American disengagement from Iraq, any such strategy would be jeopardized in the short term if a coalition partner were to depart abruptly as the result of terrorist attacks.

The incoming Spanish government had not taken much notice of Washington's rhetoric at first. Miguel Angel Moratinos, a former E.U. Middle East envoy and the country's new foreign minister, declared that Spain's new priorities will be

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to restore relations with core Euro-partners, rethink her role in Iraq, and leave strategic dialogue with the United States to the European Union. He suggested that the idea of a special relationship with the United States had been an illusion. The U.S.-led coalition's policy in Iraq had failed, he added, and he disputed a suggestion by Polish Prime Minister Leszek Miller that to talk of pulling troops out after the bombings was tantamount to admitting that the terrorists were stronger and were right: "We're not going to surrender but we want to be much more clever, more sophisticated and more efficient in order to defeat them."

In other words, they would rather surrender and hope that an escape into Euro-timidity may create a shield against future attacks. This posture demands a creative response from Washington. Instead of using the language of warnings and veiled threats, the Bush administration should call the bluff of the new Spanish government, which has said that Spanish troops may remain in Iraq under a clear U.N. mandate. Rather than advocate the continuity of Aznar's policy and uphold the demand with the rhetoric of the "Coalition of the Willing"—which would only alienate the Socialists and most ordinary Spaniards alike—Mr. Bush should agree to a Security Council resolution authorizing the existing mission. He could then press Zapatero to leave the Spanish contingent both in order to diminish the perception that Al Qaeda has scored a great triumph and to offer a contribution to the collective will of the "international community." That approach admittedly smacks of humility, which is exactly what this administration has so far lacked in its attempts to forge alliances in the "War on Terror." Accepting a U.N. mandate that may allow the Socialists to keep the Spanish contingent in Iraq is the optimal short-term strategy for the administration.

As for the longer term, the war in Iraq may have been fought on false pretenses and for all the wrong reasons, but Zapatero's and Moratinos' Euro-defeatism and Gramscian wishy-washiness is not a coherent alternative to Aznar's posturing. Being "much more clever, more sophisticated and more efficient" in order to defeat *jihad* demands a host of measures—including immigration control, a reassertion of national pride, and the promotion of higher birthrates—that no self-respecting Socialist would ever condone. The new Spanish government should realize that, of the two key prerequisites for successful attacks by Islamic terrorists in Spain, Aznar's support of the U.S. policy was only one. The other prerequisite is the existence of a huge and largely unsupervised community of Muslim immigrants in the country, many of them illegal, estimated at over a million and growing. The presence of these people is essential to the creation of the complex infrastructure for the attacks.

While General Franco was in power, Spain enjoyed high birthrates and was a net exporter of labor. A catastrophic drop in fertility rates has taken place over the past two decades, however. Today's democratic, liberal Spain is fully integrated into "Europe"—and dying with it. She vies with Italy for the lowest birthrate in the world, and at this rate, Spaniards will disappear within a century. This has already created a growing labor shortage that is being filled by North African Arab immigrants, mostly from Morocco and Algeria. Many migrate on a seasonal basis, making homes in Andalucía during the summer tourist and agricultural season. Others live in Spain permanently and have created their own *kazbah*-like neighborhoods, mainly in greater Madrid and in the north, in Catalon industrial cities. They are estimated to account for three percent of Spain's 40 million people and may exceed ten percent within a generation.

Twelve centuries ago, Spain was the first European Christian country to be invaded by Arab Islamic armies. The outcome was in considerable doubt at first, and she fought for the ensuing 800 years to liberate herself from the invaders. The process was complete in 1492, but the finality of the Reconquista has never been accepted by orthodox Muslims who subscribe to the tenet that no land once controlled by the faithful can ever revert to infidel rule. The reversal of the Reconquista has been and remains their long-term objective. Exactly the same problem is present in every Western country that has allowed mass immigration from the Muslim world. The newcomers have no respect for nor desire to adopt Spain's culture as their own. They create self-sustained communities that are not only separate from the host society but hostile to it. North African Muslims in particular use demography as a political weapon and export millions of their surplus population to France, Spain, and Italy, aware that, the bigger the diaspora, the greater the political influence it will exert and the more concessions they will be able to extort.

Spanish law-enforcement agencies are trying to keep tabs on dozens of Islamic terrorists believed to operate in the country, but they generally face a wall of uncooperative silence within the Muslim community. It was with considerable difficulty and expense that State Prosecutor Balthazar Garzon, known locally as "Superjudge," compiled a 700-page indictment of Muslim extremists living in Spain and their foreign masterminds. His investigation and the report published last year followed allegations that some of the planning for the September 11 attacks in New York and Washington had taken place in Spain. Investigators have established that the country was used as a location for laundering money, forging documents, assembling material for attacks, and recruiting helpers from within the immigrant Muslim community. Lead hijacker Muhammad Atta made two trips to Spain, the second shortly before the 2001 attacks, to meet with Al Qaeda leaders.

The growing terrorist network before March 11, the tragedy itself, and the implications of the subsequent election should be a wake-up call to all Spaniards—regardless of political affiliation—that a new approach to the problem of terrorism is urgently needed. The current terrorist threat to most European countries comes overwhelmingly from the Muslim community in those countries. Critical to reducing the chances of a future attack are an immediate moratorium on all immigration from such countries as Morocco and Algeria, as well as much improved and more rigorous maritime patrols in the Mediterranean and a sweeping program of deportation of illegal aliens who have done so much to reduce the quality of life in some of the most attractive cities of Europe.

Once it is accepted in Madrid, Brussels, Paris, London, and Rome that "true Islam" does not recognize *a priori* the right of any other outlook to exist and that any further pandering to the jihadist ambitions in the Balkans and elsewhere is utterly self-defeating, the pan-European antiterrorist strategy advocated by Judge Garzon will finally become possible. Only then can we contemplate a truly global War on Terror. That war is needed, not in its present hegemonistic form but as a genuine partnership of countries that subscribe to the legacy of Western civilization.

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IMMIGRATION

Real Reform

by Peter Brimelow

Communist poet Bertolt Brecht, after the 1953 risings in East Germany, suggested that the Communist government should just dissolve the people and elect a new one. That is essentially what is happening in the United States. The American government is dissolving the people and electing a new one—in the name of shoring up and "growing" the economy.

Current immigration policy, however, makes absolutely no sense economically. And the evidence for that has accumulated a lot more since I wrote *Alien Nation*. It was the consensus then, in the mid-1990's, among labor economists that the great influx of foreigners unleashed by the 1965 Immigration Act, and the associated illegal immigration, *really did not benefit native-born Americans at all.* It did increase the Gross Domestic Product, but that mostly went to the immigrants themselves, through wages. On the whole, America is getting nothing out of the immigrant influx. In other words, America is being transformed for nothing.

One of the things that we now know a lot more about today is the impact of the welfare state—the transfer state, generally. There is a substantial cross-subsidy to immigration from American taxpayers. The National Research Council now says that, in California, this amounts to over $1,000 per native-born family per year. In other words, not only is America being transformed for nothing, but Americans are actually having to pay for the privilege.

This is a very unusual situation. Most Americans will say they have no objection to immigrants as long as they pay their own way. That is not what is going on, however. Instead, Americans are paying to have their country transformed.

George Borjas, the Harvard economist, who is also an immigrant (we're everywhere!) has produced a new study in the *Quarterly Journal of Economics* on the wage impact of immigration. Borjas has been able to demonstrate, by reanalyzing the data, that the wages of the college-educated in this country have suffered significantly from the immigration influx. That is very interesting, because, if it is just a question of displacing black janitors, nobody cares; if college graduates are the ones being displaced, however, that is another matter. The policy will fall, eventually.

There is, in fact, some sign that the "conservative" establishment is going through one of its immigration-conscious phases. We should be thinking now about a series of litmus tests to judge the policies that it proposes. *National Review* showed no interest in immigration from the moment John O'Sullivan was fired in 1998 until the spring of 2002—almost four years of no discussion, except for O'Sullivan's own writing, under the terms of his severance. Then, however, the magazine returned to the subject, boosting Victor Davis Hanson, and in other ways. The change did not come immediately after September 11; it took another six months. Apparently, the editors then got word from Neocon Central that it was OK to discuss immigration, probably because of the Muslims, whom they would like to cut out of the immigration influx.

One of the most important litmus tests involves numbers: We have to get immigration numbers down—a lot. That means, essentially, a moratorium. Anything less than that is going to be bid up in the legislative negotiating process. And marginal reductions would only set the current privileged groups to quarreling over their share. But if reform were to take immigration down to a net nothing—a gross of only 200,000 a year—it would have a great simplicity. It would affect all groups equally—except, of course, the American people. For them, it would just spell relief.

Next, we need to look at how (or if) reform proposals attack the problem of the tremendous population of illegal aliens in the United States. When *Alien Nation* came out in 1995, it was reviewed, quite favorably, by Jack Miles in the *Atlantic*. Miles, however, was very upset because I had raised the specter of a second Operation Wetback. There was a similar illegal-immigration crisis in the 1950's that everyone has now forgotten. The Eisenhower administration ended it. Within six months after coming to power, it threw out 1.5 million Mexicans. And, as I suggested, it could be done again. Miles said this would lead to warfare in South Central Los Angeles (as opposed to warfare in Baghdad!). What that means, however, is that we have lost control of the country—if we cannot enforce the law within it. That is why I am serious about deportation. The U.S. government should strip citizenship from those who got it fraudulently: a sort of negative amnesty.

The most important way to demolish the illegal presence, however, is not through deportation but simply through the removal of incentives for illegals to stay. Illegal aliens remain with us in order to receive the substantial transfers arranged for them by the welfare state. If those incentives were removed, the ille-

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gals would deport themselves. This has already happened in various areas of the country. In North Carolina, after September 11, there was a dramatic reduction in the Hispanic population for a while—until illegals realized nothing was going to be done. And so Litmus Test Two is the willingness of proponents of immigration reform to eliminate the presence of illegal aliens.

The critical reform, however, involves fixing the Citizenship Clause of the 14th Amendment by which an immigrant can enter the United States illegally and give birth to a child who becomes, automatically, a citizen—a so-called "anchor baby." Willingness to reform the Citizenship Clause is thus the single most important test for anybody who claims to want to do something about illegal immigration. This applies, by the way, to guest workers, too. It is impossible to have a guest-worker program unless we can solve this citizen-child question, since, once illegals make it onto American soil, it becomes very difficult to throw them out if they are anchored to it.

Current immigration policy is likely to fall, but this will take time, and we have to be patient. It took 30 years for the last great wave to be cut off—from the founding of the Immigration Restriction League in the 1890's until the cutoff in the 1920's.

On the other hand, there is no need to despair.

I first met Bill Rusher, the publisher of *National Review*, in 1975. He was then trying to organize a third party to go up against President Gerald Ford and the "moderates" who had total control of the Republican Party, sort of like today. After I interviewed him—after he ascertained that I was not hostile (I was then working for a Canadian paper)—he said to me, off the record, "I think that all is lost and the red flag will fly over the world."

"But," he added, "we don't give up." Because, first of all, *you never know what is going to turn up*. And, second, *there are theological injunctions against despair*.

Within five years, Ronald Reagan was elected. (I do not share the negative view of Reagan that some have—perhaps because I come from overseas.) I think that there is a very good chance that, were it not for President Reagan, the Soviet Union would still exist, we would still be subsidizing it, and inflation would be goodness-knows-where.

The point is that nobody, least of all professional politicians, has the faintest idea what is politically practical over the long run. (By the long run, I mean two or three years.) The politicians are talking about tomorrow—if that. They are like blind shrews, snuffling around by sense of smell and memory. That is why they can make these 360-degree turns without rupturing their consciences. They are not aware that they have turned around.

And that is what is going to happen on the immigration issue.

The most denounced passage in *Alien Nation* was my reference to my little boy, Alexander, who had then just been born—specifically, to his blue eyes and blond hair, appearing in the entirely legitimate context of the impact of immigration on affirmative-action quotas.

If immigrants are eligible for affirmative-action quotas, then it is a zero-sum game, and anybody who does not belong to one of the "protected classes" that are eligible for preference is going to be squeezed out. So it actually matters to me, as the father of a boy who is manifestly not in one of the "protected classes," how many immigrants there are in the country who fall into them. That was a reasonable point to make then, and it still is. We need to remove immigrants' eligibility for affirmative-action quotas. They have never been discriminated against in the United States: They weren't *here*. Why should they get preferences—*here*?

Alexander is now 12 years old and an enthusiastic Civil War reenactor. One result of this is that, in the car, I have to play a lot of 19th-century music, including the American folk song, "Sweet Betsy from Pike," which is about the great westward movement of Americans, their conquest of the West. It is the story of Betsy and her lover, Ike, who trek to the West.

The final verse reads:

They crossed the wide prairies,
they climbed the high peaks,
They camped in the mountains for
weeks upon weeks,
They fought with the Indians with
musket and ball,
They reached California, in spite
of it all.

We just have to do it again.

The director of VDare.com, *Peter Brimelow is the author of* Alien Nation. *This article was adapted from a speech he gave at the 14th Annual Meeting of the John Randolph Club.*

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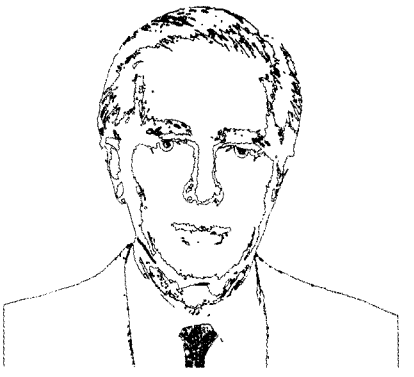
by George McCartney

The Crux of the Matter



The Passion of the Christ
Produced by Icon Productions
Directed by Mel Gibson
Screenplay by Benedict Fitzgerald and Mel Gibson
Distributed by Newmarket Film Group

I recently posted a review of Mel Gibson's *The Passion of the Christ* in my *In the Dark* section of our website (*ChroniclesMagazine.org*). I expressed my admiration for the film with reservations concerning its portrayal of Our Lord's suffering at the hands of the Romans. Some have wondered about my ambivalence, so I will address it here.

In an otherwise fresh and moving portrayal of Jesus' Passion, Gibson has spent an inordinate amount of time on its physical violence. The most glaring instance must be the excruciatingly slow 15 minutes spent on showing us Roman soldiers beating every inch of Jesus' body with canes and metal-studded whips. When they are through, He looks like a slab of beef in an abattoir. By way of explanation, Gibson has said he wanted to push his audience "over the edge," by which I take him to mean he wanted to shock them into identifying with the pain of Christ's sacrifice. This did not work for me. Rather than aesthetically moving, I found the spectacle, after a few minutes, anaesthetically numbing. As it went on and on, I found myself asking if a man could survive such a beating, let alone carry a cross up a hill afterward.

Some have wondered how I could raise such a question. Didn't I know that Jesus is God and can do what He pleases? Well, it is a bit more complicated. Mysteries generally are. The doctrine of the Incarnation teaches us that Jesus' Person participates in two Natures: the divine and the human. On earth, He was as fully human as you or I, vulnerable and limited in both body and mind (hence, His ability to die on the Cross). He was not God masquerading as man. It is unlikely that He could be sure of what the future held and must have been subject to uncertainty. The Gospels themselves indicate that Jesus had doubts about His mission and came close to despair on the Cross. His mental anguish may well have been worse than His physical suffering, and it was surely just as essential, maybe more so, to our salvation. To complete His mission, He had to enter into the void of uncertainty, the horrible soul-suffocating prospect of utter annihilation. Although He had faith that His Father would raise Him up after His ordeal, faith is not knowledge. It inevitably leaves a crevice of uncertainty in which doubts can multiply cavernously, until the words *hope* and *trust* ring chillingly hollow. This explains Christ's plaintive question from the Cross: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" This is despair's degree zero, that sense of futility that is liable to infect us—believer and nonbeliever alike—when all seems lost. Christ's mission involved more than taking a beating for us. He wished to demonstrate in His own human being that, while we cannot evade the terrors of mortality, we can face them down if we have faith in Providence. To his credit, Gibson includes several scenes that dramatize this strikingly. Take his uncanonical portrayal of Satan. It is a subtle essay on the ultimate temptation: despair, the sin that would lead us to dismiss all but our private selves from our mortal concerns.

Satan first appears in the film's opening scene in the Garden of Gethsemane. He is a slithering, sibilant being emerging from the shadows of a huge tree that echoes the one in the original Garden. His head is bald, his face moon-white under his black cowl. Played by Rosalinda Celentano, this androgynous, feline Prince of Darkness calmly, reasonably, tempts Jesus to lay down His impossible mission. It's too hard, he says. No one can carry such a burden. Implied in his seductive reasoning is the temptation to live an ordinary life. It is the theme Nikos Kazantzakis elaborated in *The Last Temptation of Christ*, which has always seemed to me within the bounds of legitimate theological speculation. Why wouldn't Jesus feel the tug of this temptation? Consider what lay ahead for Him, and consider what He had already learned of our unworthy species. But Gibson's Jesus cannot be swayed. He answers the Tempter by stamping on the head of a serpent that slips from under his robe. Satan is no quitter, however. He stalks Jesus through the events that follow, making sure He can see him smiling in mockery of His ordeal as though it were nothing more than a vainglorious charade. At one point during the brutal scourging, he appears to float behind the crowd, carrying an unusually large swaddled infant. When Christ looks at him, he unfolds the swaddling and, instead of a baby, reveals a demented adult face on top of a hunched body, embracing the Author of Lies with large, hairy arms. Both Satan and "child" grin with hideous enjoyment at Jesus' torment. Eyes keener than mine have read the point of this image. My friend's daughter reports that her theology teacher at Boston College interprets the sequence to be a grotesque parody of the conventional portraits of the Madonna and Child. (I mention this to establish that this film is drawing people together; it is creating a network of cinematic Gospel communities sharing their thoughts, feelings, insights, and, yes, objections.) Once pointed out, this parody makes perfect sense. Satan's baby is a ghastly visual variation of his earlier argument in the Garden. This creature *is* human nature, he seems to say to Jesus. It is Your chosen nature. Look at it. It is ugly, animal, and quite beyond redemption. Only a fool would sacrifice himself for this thing. Unlike the protracted beating, this sequence has an unnerving force that lingers well after the film ends.

The film's players are no less effective. I have already written on the website about James Caviezel's performance as Christ and will only repeat here that it is without parallel. I cannot imagine an actor capturing more effectively the humanity of Christ without scanting His divine purpose. Most of all, I will remember him in a scene in which Jesus teases His

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mother (Maia Morgenstern). He playfully splashes water on her when she questions the design of a table He is making. For a moment, He is just like any other overgrown kid, having some mischievous fun with His mom. Here and elsewhere, Gibson has avoided the smarmy piety that infects almost every other film portrayal of Christ. Morgenstern's Mary is equally compelling. Later, as she watches her Son's ordeal, she is all restrained pathos. She bears her unimaginable agony with stoic dignity because she believes in her Son's mission.

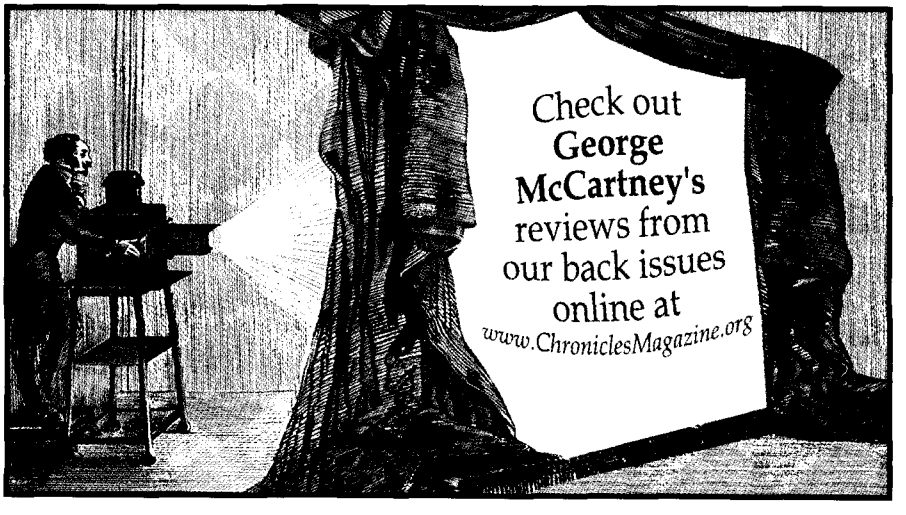
The other players are also fine, especially Monica Bellucci as Mary Magdalene, Mattia Sbragia as Caiphas, and Hristo Naumov Shopov as Pilate. Gibson gave them a special challenge by insisting that their dialogue be spoken in the languages of the time and place—Aramaic, Hebrew, and Latin—and they all do so with a fluency that seems utterly natural. Gibson had been mocked for his decision to use these languages, but he has had the last laugh. The ancient tongues distance these people from us without making them seem at all alien. Paradoxically, they seem all the more immediate and real. We do not have to make that extra effort of suspending our disbelief so necessary to tolerate the standard Hollywood Jesus speaking the King James Version by way of L.A.

The Passion may not be a triumph of art, but it achieves Gibson's goals, especially his determination to reach and move the mass audience. By the time this review appears, his film will have grossed well over $300 million, an amount that puts most blockbusters to shame. Some industry experts predict it will become the biggest moneymaking film in the short history of this highly profitable medium. Who would have thought a dramatization of Christ's last hours would attract so many viewers in our secular age? More surprising, who would have thought it would have such a spiritual impact? I have repeatedly heard of people who, after seeing the movie, went back to church. At St. John's University, almost half of my students have seen *The Passion*, and they are nearly unanimous in their praise for it. (A couple of fellows announced that they felt the need to rush to Confession afterward. I think they were only half joking.) I should also point out that, while most of these young people are Christian, they do not seem to be especially devout. Of the others, 15 percent are Jewish; perhaps 5 percent, Muslim and Hindu. Most of them, Christian and non-Christian alike, have only the fuzziest idea of what is meant by the Incarnation, and, in my experience, the few who do know its meaning are as likely as not to be Jewish.

Gibson's film has connected with the younger public in a way that I have rarely witnessed. This is not so surprising as it might seem. Young Americans live in a secular culture that offers much in the way of material satisfactions but little spiritual nourishment. Many young people, without realizing it, have been longing for something to believe in, some unselfish model to follow. They are worn out by cynicism and license in the official precincts of our culture—government, finance, the Church, education. And though few would admit it, they have had quite enough of the wretched popular culture that is pushed on them daily. In short, they are looking for the Way, and they are finding it in Caviezel's extraordinary performance as Christ. Not a bad place to start—or start over, as the case may be.

There is another reason that the film is doing so well. Its many detractors in the media and academia have created an irresistible controversy around it. This started over a year ago, when news of Gibson's project began to surface. It spurred the self-appointed guardians of our culture to demand Gibson toe the line of their biblical interpretation. A coalition of critics and religious leaders went so far as to disseminate a purloined shooting script to their cohorts so they could "make recommendations"—that is, charge it publicly as inaccurate and antisemitic. When a furious Gibson told them to buzz off, they did their best to prevent the film from being produced and distributed. Frank Rich of the *New York Times* threw his considerable weight into the assault, writing four often vicious articles. Last August, he sneered that the film would be performed in crowd-pleasing Aramaic and Latin and smugly predicted it would flop. As it has turned out, he became one of the film's most effective publicists. Appalled by this turn of events, Rich and others have improbably accused Gibson of deliberately provoking them. You see, he wanted them to attack him and thus call attention to his film. In Rich's lapidary phrase, he was "Jew-baiting." Pretty clever of Gibson, no? To take on the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, the *Los Angeles Times*, not to mention the Anti-Defamation League, before he had finished the film and before he had secured the backing of a studio and a distributor? Why wouldn't he gamble the $25 million he personally invested in the project on the hope that their combined attacks would help his film? Rich seems the right name for Gibson's major detractor. It is rich indeed to see someone so disingenuous get hoisted on his own petard. I only hope Gibson does not succumb to the temptation to gloat over his enemies' discomfiture. Indulging in *schadenfreude* is, after all, a sin. Then again, that is why Jesus invented Confession.

As for the alleged antisemitism, it is a WMD missing in action, as more and more Jewish commentators are pointing out. This film emphatically breaks from the Hollywood tradition of Christ films, many made by Jewish-led studios, in which Our Lord and His disciples look as though Viking genes had somehow spilled into the Palestinian pool. There has never been a more Jewish Yeshua than Gibson's. This may or may not be politically correct, but it is certainly historically and spiritually so.



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by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

Modern Controversy

Freedom of speech is a good thing. It is one of those very rudimentary good things, however, like sewage disposal and ballot voting, that civilized societies impose on uncivilized ones when engaged in the business of nation-building. Civilized societies, taking freedom of speech for granted for themselves, have always delighted in that pearl of great price called *controversy* for which freedom of speech is its oyster. This probably explains why, in the postcivilized era, the habit of controversy and the controversial arts are nearly extinct.

It is a cliché to say that we live in highly controversial times. The cliché, moreover, happens to be true. True also is that controversy above the level of the internet is nowadays conducted mostly on noncontroversial subjects and in noncontroversial terms. Controversy has been relegated, for the most part, either to matters people fear to dissent from in public or those that, being mainly of secondary and tertiary interest, nobody is mortally concerned with. G.K. Chesterton wrote of himself and his brother Cecil that "we perpetually argued and . . . we never quarrelled. . . . [W]e never quarrelled because we always argued. . . . His lucidity and love of truth kept things so much on the level of logic." Well, we are speaking of brothers, after all. Yet, though G.B. Shaw and H.G. Wells were Chesterton's intellectual and philosophical enemies, his disputes with these men were held very much on the level of arguments, almost never of quarrels. On the other side of the Atlantic, H.L. Mencken had much the same relationship with Theodore Dreiser and Clarence Darrow. What makes civilized argument possible is respect for truth and logic, no matter how these are understood by the parties involved in it. It is tempting to conclude that this respect deserves to be considered as one of many hangovers from the Christian and civilized age into the post-Christian and uncivilized one that, until relatively recently, kept modern life barely bearable.

Political correctness is partly responsible for the decline of controversy both as an art form and a type of intellectual and social discourse, but probably it does not have as central a role to play as people think. Political correctness, for all but the most fervent ideologue, is mainly a matter of manners; and manners, while always important, are not the motile force in this instance. What corrupted controversy is identical to what corrupted politics, American presidential politics especially. Too much is perceived to be at stake in both.

In the race for the presidency, the victor claims the most powerful and prestigious job in the world, as well as (potentially) one of the most lucrative; the loser forfeits the universal prize with agonizing devastation, having felt it nearly within his grasp. "After such knowledge, what forgiveness?" Self-forgiveness, in particular. Compared to winning the presidency, what does winning an argument amount to? The answer is, *everything*, if there is nothing—no final truth, that is—behind the substance of the argument. "After such knowledge, what forgiveness?"

In the golden European centuries when religion was Truth, and Truth, the ultimate Good, religion was the single subject fixed beyond the bounds of controversy, which commonly included most topics of importance including politics, save (after the Reformation especially) where secular politics bore a religious aspect. The thinking was that so long as Truth was rigorously protected, subordinate ideas could be allowed free, or freer, play. In the contemporary West, which acknowledges no objective truth, the subordinate interests are left to support an enormous weight—the weight of the Unknown God—that they were never intended to bear. It was thought intolerable, in early modern Europe, that theological Truth should be defeated in argument, because, in losing the argument, all was lost. Today, when absolute Truth is denied, it seems intolerable that economic, social, and political truth should lose—since nothing of ultimate value is perceived to exist beyond economic, social, and political fixes. Here again, there is simply too much at stake for mere argument to be allowed. In argument's place, there is quarrel; the quarrel is finally a mortal one; and the logical end of a mortal quarrel is not to shake hands and walk away: It is to humiliate your opponent; to silence him; to deny his existence; even, if possible, to have him arrested on a charge of hate crime and thrown into jail.

We are taught about the Bad Old Times in the days before the secular enlightenment of the present era came about—the days before freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of religion; the days of superstitious denial and of silence. In fact, from the vantage of the present day, it begins to look as if controversy were a Christian thing, like civility and the autonomous intellect. Not exclusively Christian, of course, but substantially, and perhaps even essentially, so.

It is a characteristic of degenerate print argument that the writer with a case to make ends—often, he begins—by disregarding the single individual reader whom an author is commonly expected to engage on a man-to-man basis, addressing himself instead to an apparently limitless audience whose identity is unknown and whose features remain unrecognizable. It is as though he were not writing words in the solitude of his study but speaking them on nationwide hookup from a busy television studio. The sensation this style of writing produces is a peculiar one, difficult to describe. The reader is well aware that he is not being personally addressed and persuaded; quite obviously, the author is speaking over his shoulder to an audience the reader cannot identify and whom the writer seems unable to imagine himself, save as a phantom collectivity possessing a multitude of wholly unphantasmal votes.

A striking example of this sort of argumentation occurs in David Frum's and Richard Perle's *An End to Evil: How to Win the War On Terror*, described by the authors as "a manual for victory." Immediately after quoting Thomas Paine, they begin:

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We too live in trying times—and thus far our fellow Americans have passed every test. They have shown themselves, as President Bush said in his speech in the National Cathedral on September 14, 2001, "generous and kind, resourceful and brave." They have fought and won two campaigns on the opposite side of the globe, saving millions of Afghans from famine and the nation of Iraq from tyranny. They have hunted down terrorists and killers, while respecting the rights of the innocent. And they have uncomplainingly accepted inconvenience and danger through tiresome years of lineups at airports, searches at public buildings, and exposure to further acts of terror.

Now comes the hardest test of all. The War on Terror is not over. In many ways, has barely begun. . . . Yet at this dangerous moment many in the American political and media elite are losing their nerve for the fight. . . . We can feel the will ebbing in Washington; we sense the reversion to the bad old habits of complacency and denial.

The passage is remarkable for the undeniable impression it creates that the authors are writing not to be read but to be overheard. But overheard by whom? The answer may be discerned from the fact that the text conveys a flattery wrapped in another flattery. Frum and Perle cite George W. Bush's praise for "Americans," delivered in a political address, in a disingenuous bit of propaganda of their own. In addition to passing on the President's compliment, they add a populist one, by favorably comparing the fortitude of the public with the absence of backbone Perle and Frum perceive in "many in the American political and media elite." The authors' intent seems to be to win the support of "Americans" for their imperialist foreign policy by slapping them on the back and telling them how noble and how brave they are. But "Americans" take all their opinions from television news; they do not read books like this one. And so it appears that the audience to whom *An End to Evil* is addressed is in fact an absentee audience, located away in the distance somewhere and engaged in activities other than reading this book.

An End to Evil is not primarily an expositional exercise; it is an exhortational act, of the sort that very easily becomes a habit of thought to which people who have fallen into the even worse habit of dodging direct confrontation with their opponents in debate are particularly susceptible. The incivility of addressing the arguer instead of the argument is an old chestnut of the etiquette books. The incivility of attacking the argument while treating the arguer as a nonperson may be greater still. One way or another, the strategy of ignoring one's intellectual opponent (and sometimes his argument as well) has become a favorite gambit in modern discourse, and nowhere more so than within those circles where Mr. Frum and Mr. Perle keep company.

The controversial tradition is among Western civilization's greatest glories, from ancient times until quite recently. Cultivated to the highest degree in the Anglo-American tradition, it has for centuries played a role in our culture equivalent to that which the opera once played in Italy. Having all of life in it, at the visceral as well as the intellectual level, the habit of frank and manly controversy is the source of one of the richest streams in our literature, which includes the writings of Swift and Dryden, Milton and Johnson, Paine and Burke, Hamilton and Calhoun, Chesterton and Belloc, Waugh and Wyndham Lewis, Edmund Wilson and Edward Abbey. For all of these men, debate was *mano a mano*, a joyous combat in which hard blows but fair ones were traded. Adrenaline flowed along with ink, and the fight was delightful for its own sake. While defeat was at times acknowledged, the outcome was recognized for what it was: the loss of a single battle in a perpetual war that could never be wholly lost nor ever completely won. The spirit of controversy owed much to the fact that the controversialists were as likely as not to be friends, and usually social equals; and they were friends and equals because they shared in its broadest terms the tradition within which they fought. (This, of course, is one of the many advantages of the homogeneous society that has now given way before the multicultural model.) The custom of civility, developed from the chivalric tradition, was important to it; so was the code of the Anglo-American gentleman, rooted in a concept of honor that took for granted the notion of objective truth to which Gilbert and Cecil Chesterton deferred.

All that is now changed in our country and also (though to a lesser extent) in Great Britain. The love of controversy for its own sake has departed from the American scene, with the result that the rules of controversial engagement are today ignored. Everyone has always wanted and hoped to win an argument, of course; everyone has wished, after the argument is won, to see his will prevail in action. Nowadays, however, that is *all* he wants, because winning is all that matters. And winning is all that matters because we are aware of living in another moral universe from that of our opponent: a universe, moreover, that is determined solely by Will—and that Will not God's Will but man's. And so the fear, naturally enough, is limited strictly to the fear of losing. It has nothing to do with the abysmal, cosmic, and terrifying fear of being metaphysically Wrong.

Because—once again—there is simply too much at stake in a world in which the compelling moral as well as the practical ideal is one of total control exercised by a Will wielding arbitrary absolute power over the whole of existence. Failure to persuade Congress or Parliament to pass or defeat a bill is almost infinitely a more consequential thing today than in, say, 1704; so, of course, is success in doing so. Expectation rises too high to go ungratified; disappointment sounds too deep a depth to be suffered.

In these times, we argue only to quarrel; quarrel only to win; and win only to win overwhelmingly—and for keeps. This is not a formula to keep argument between brothers on the fraternal level. But then, we are none of us brothers now. ☙

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—*from a report by the Associated Press (March 23)*

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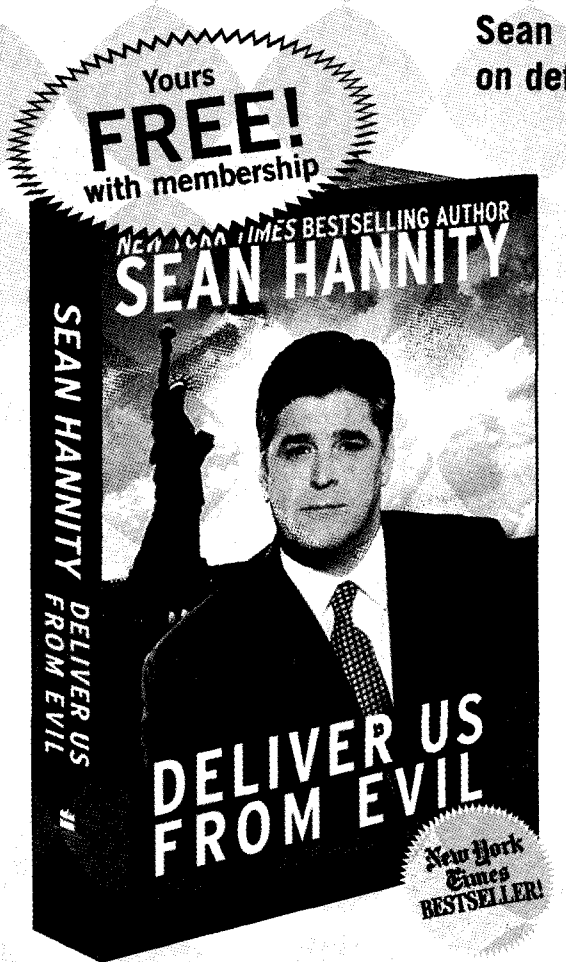
Defending our Freedoms at Home and Abroad

Sean Hannity delivers an essential handbook on defeating terrorism, despotism and liberalism



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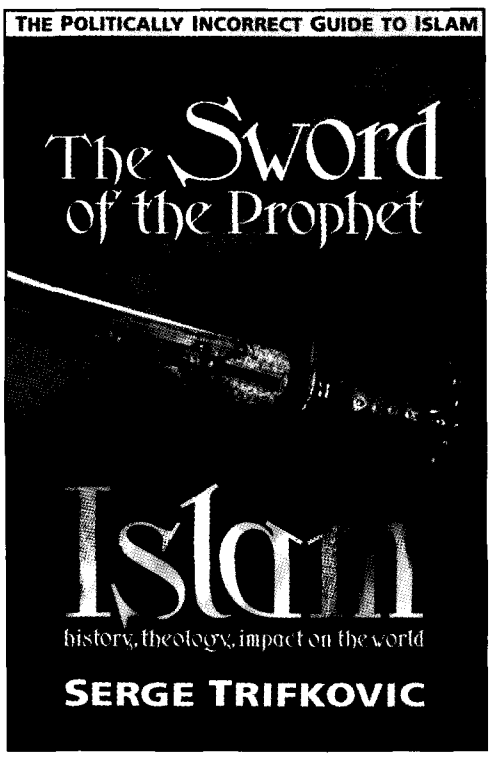
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